

M I S C E L L A N I E S

I N

PROSE AND VERSE:

SELECTED FROM

POPE,
SWIFT,
ADDISON,
GOLDSMITH,
STERNE,
HUME,

|| SMOLLET,
GAY,
SHENSTONE,
PRIOR,
MURPHY, and
BROOKE.

Together with several ORIGINAL PIECES never
before Published.

LEOMINSTER,

Sold by P. DAVIS; C. BADHAM; Hereford;
and J. OWEN, Ludlow.



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MISCELLANIES



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the disposition of the Pieces intended to form this Volume, the only order proposed, is, to intermingle such as are of a grave or pathetic, with those of a humorous and lively turn. In a Nofegay or a Flower-piece, no one expects an exact regularity of situation among the parts that compose it; it is sufficient if the colours and fragrance entertain the senses with a grateful confusion. In a Miscellany of this nature, it is presumed, that no man will expect an entrance into deep arguments upon difficult subjects of any kind. The design is to please and profit every Reader without giving pain and fatigue to the mind; to furnish an innocent and agreeable amusement for those hours (and many such there are in the life of every man) that without such assistance would pass away at least heavily and unprofitably, if not criminally.

The celebrated Doctor Swift has set forth the advantages derived from Reading with so much humour and good sense, that those who have a taste for either, will thank me for transcribing the whole passage to which I allude :

A

“ I shall

“ I shall not insist on the advantages of Read-
 “ ing, as an improvement of the mind, and a
 “ cheap and easy method of knowing the world,
 “ and the different manners and customs, laws
 “ and policies of the several nations in it ; nor
 “ on the happy consequences it might have in
 “ making men better acquainted with the prin-
 “ ciples of religion and virtue, and giving them
 “ a contempt of all pleasures, that are either
 “ mean in themselves, or hurtful in their effects.
 “ These are such common-place arguments,
 “ that they would not bear the test among our
 “ people of fashion. I shall therefore confine
 “ myself to the single point of the money, which
 “ might be saved to our country gentlemen, by
 “ substituting Reading instead of Drinking, as
 “ their common amusement. For though I
 “ readily grant, that a good Closet of Books can-
 “ not, at first, be furnished at so cheap a rate as
 “ a Cellar of Wine ; yet if it be considered, that
 “ the former requires a much longer time be-
 “ fore it can be drawn off, it will be found con-
 “ siderably less chargeable at the long run. Nor
 “ do I deny, that the thirst of Knowledge, like
 “ that of Claret, is very apt to grow upon us,
 “ in proportion to the quantities we drink in ;
 “ but then it has this advantage of the other,
 “ that, let the master of the house swallow
 “ down as much Learning as he will, the whole
 “ family

“ family can afterwards partake of the refresh-
 “ ment, without ever in the least impairing the
 “ stock. For a good Book, after it has in-
 “ structed the Esquire, is still capable of giving
 “ equal improvement to his Lady, to every one
 “ of his children, and if he and they please, to
 “ half a dozen of neighbours; and all this, if
 “ it has met with but tolerable good usage,
 “ without losing one drop of the Knowledge,
 “ that was originally poured into it. And, in
 “ case the Book be an extraordinary good one,
 “ as I have known many such in my time, a
 “ man may see it fairly out, and yet afterwards
 “ take another pull at it and mend his draught,
 “ to his great pleasure and satisfaction.

“ Nothing like this can be advanced in be-
 “ half of Claret. For let the Bottle be as great
 “ an instrument of good-fellowship as it will, it
 “ is always lessened in quantity by being com-
 “ municated. I appeal for the truth of this to
 “ our greatest proficients in the science of Drink-
 “ ing; and indeed, it is to them I ought prin-
 “ cipally to appeal, who are able to give the
 “ fullest testimony in the matter. For where
 “ is the man that ever saw the same Bottle,
 “ after it had been thoroughly perused by one
 “ Company, fit for the entertainment of ano-
 “ ther? Or do the Students of BACCHUS ever

“ leave any part of their subject behind them,
“ except what is only fit to be swept out of
“ doors? So far from it, that I never yet knew
“ a Bottle make its appearance in a company
“ of ordinary capacity, until it had got a new
“ Spirit infused into it, and returned again, in
“ a second Edition from the Cellar; which, as
“ I have hinted before, needs much more frequent recruits from the Vineyards of FRANCE,
“ than the Library does from the Fountains of
“ Antiquity.”

I shall only add, that the ESSAYS which are to fill the following Sheets, have been honoured with the approbation of the best Judges.

MISCELLANIES

I N

PROSE AND VERSE.

The following Definition of HONESTY was written by Dean SWIFT, in a periodical Work called The Tribune, and exhibits, perhaps, as fine a display of liberality of sentiment, acuteness of observation, and vigour of intellect, as any moral Essay that ever dropt from an uninspired pen. Mr. POPE's idea of the character here described, seems to have been the same with that of his celebrated friend, when he says,

“ An Honest Man's the noblest Work of God.”

LAST night there was a full college of the Tribunes assembled; and the subject of our deliberations was the character of an HONEST MAN. A complaint had been exhibited, that great numbers of persons had usurped that honourable distinction, who were by no means qualified

lified to wear it, so that the dignity was become prostituted and vile, to the great prejudice of all those worthy persons, who were legally invested with it. It was also represented, that the College of Heralds having no power to determine in this matter, or to make any satisfaction adequate to so grievous an injury, the petitioners had no other method of procuring themselves relief, but by applying to this worshipful Bench.

Our Brother Trueman espoused this cause with his usual warmth and vehemence. His sentiments are generally just, as well as great and delicate. But being extremely quick of apprehension, and ready to perceive the truth of a principle, without minutely considering the several steps by which it is demonstrated, he is apt to be very concise and dogmatical in his decisions. This renders him impatient of contradiction, and an enemy to all disputes, wherein, indeed, he usually comes off by the worse; because truth meets him too soon, to permit him to handle his argument distinctly. And the liveliness of his own imagination very often makes him angry at others, for not seeing things so easily as himself, and asking a reason for what, he apprehends, stands in need of none. On this account we generally let him have his way; and knowing this to be one of his favourite topicks, we left the management of it entirely in his own hands.

He entered on the subject with roundly asserting, That among all the people, who, in the present age, are dignified with the title of **HONEST MEN**, scarce one in a thousand had the least shadow of right to it, in the original
and

and genuine acceptation of the phrase. This might seem a little hard; but, in his opinion, **HONESTY** comprehended all the virtues that can animate a human breast. It was not a mere negative quality: It did not consist in abstaining from hurtful and injurious acts, in paying our just debts, or in being quiet and inoffensive members of civil society: These, indeed, were the effects of **HONESTY**; but they were not the thing itself; and besides they not only might, but actually did, every day, flow from different, and even opposite, principles. A man, in every well-ordered society, found that there was both safety and advantage in living according to the laws, and shunning fraud and violence. He would therefore, for his own sake, live like an **HONEST MAN**; but he ought not to assume that title, unless he derived it from a higher and nobler right. As it was commonly distributed now a days, it signified no more than that the Bearer had not virtue enough to be hanged.

Is he not, in verity, as great a **RASCAL**, and a much meaner-spirited one, who in his heart wishes them dead, who happen to stand between him and an estate, as he who boldly does the deed, and, like an **HONEST KNAVE**, risks his neck in the doing of it? And is there any other difference between them but this, that the cautious Villain, who forbears the execrable act, deterred by the fear of punishment, consults the common end of both, his **INTEREST**, with greater care and more judgment? Can the veriest Rogue in nature have any other reason to restrain him from committing the most monstrous
and

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and horrible actions? Remove the impediments, which Interest, of whatever kind it be, whether arising from Ambition, Avarice, or Voluptuousness, throws in the way of such a person; and, it is certain, there is nothing to hinder him from appearing in his true and proper colours. Set him above the apprehension of laws, and give him the full power of compassing his ends, is it not probable he would exert it in the most tyrannical manner, and turn a public destroyer of mankind, except, perhaps, some few, whom he might reserve, either to adorn his triumphs, or to be subservient to his passions?

Shew me the man of Pleasure, the ambitious Courtier, the Miser, or the Bigot: These are all equally pretenders to HONESTY. They do not openly invade the rights of other men; nor perhaps, undermine them by fraudulent practices. So far, indeed they are good and lawful men. They are STATUTABLY HONEST; and for no other reason, but because so it is enacted. But where is Real Honesty and Inward Worth all this while? An appetite is to be gratified. Well then, can I sacrifice this appetite for the good of mankind, my country, or my friend? No, by no means; that is going too far. I will not, indeed, do them any hurt; but there lies no Obligation upon me to give myself pain to promote their pleasure. So then, it seems, I am under no Obligation to do good, but when I am forced. What is it therefore determines me against the doing of ILL? Why, even the same motive that would be sufficient to prevail on me to do GOOD, namely, Force and Compulsion. Thus do I deceive

ceive myself, and the world, into an opinion of my HONESTY, when in reality I am entirely destitute of it.

All this will equally hold, whatever other object it is that engrosses my whole affection, whether an Estate, an Employment, or a Title. If I prefer the possession of them to the public welfare; if I neglect the opportunities they afford me of doing beneficent and generous actions; if my heart is not touched with the calamities of my fellow-mortals; if I am rigid in exacting the full of what other men owe me, without any regard to their abilities; or unwilling to perform any good offices, to which I cannot be compelled; in all these cases, I say, let me pretend to what I will, I am yet in the Gall of Bitterness, and wear the title of Honest Man with as much propriety as Jonathan Wild, or Captain Macheath.

But what shall we say to those gentlemen, who can employ all their faculties, and display their utmost eloquence, in making men odious one to another? By their means rage and wrath and persecution are sanctified. They inculcate it as a duty upon us to confine our favour and good-will to a few; and to look on the rest of mankind with hatred and abhorrence. The real merit of a man is of no account with them, if he happens in the least to differ from them in things that have no relation to inward worth or goodness. Honesty then, in this case, is not the object of their esteem, but something else: How therefore can they be honest themselves, who love not the character in others? Or can it be,

B

that

that Honesty will subsist on the ruins of Humanity, which is its only true and proper foundation? This is an evident absurdity. So that of consequence all these gentlemen, and their numerous deluded followers, must be struck out of the list of Honest Men; since it is impossible they can have any true notions of right and wrong, while their affections are thus partially disposed, their tempers corrupted by zeal, and their minds kept under a perverse and unnatural influence.

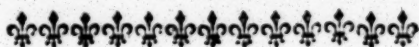
Here our friend concluded his argument, or rather declamation. Though the warmth with which it was delivered transported him, perhaps, a little too far in the prosecution of it, yet the whole Bench appeared convinced of the main point, which he endeavoured to establish. It was considered, that what was called the *HONESTUM* among the Ancients, from which our term *HONESTY* is most plainly derived, signified the highest perfection of human nature, and took in the whole circle of the moral virtues. The very etymology of the word shewed it to be an expression of the greatest honour and dignity to mankind. With us it had lost most of those lovely and venerable ideas, which were originally affixed to it. We seemed to mean no more by it, than to point out a mere Legal Man, who, only from considerations of prudence, abstained from the overt acts of wickedness. It might be therefore convenient to retrieve the lost signification of the word, and restore it to its first energy and reverence. For this purpose, the following order, or decree, was very readily
and.

IN PROSE AND VERSE. 11

and unanimously agreed upon by the College:

“ Whereas, by a long and often repeated
 “ abuse, the name, style, and title of HONEST
 “ MAN, which is the highest appellation of hon-
 “ our in the whole compass of the moral world,
 “ hath been, and still continues to be assumed
 “ by, and conferred upon great numbers of per-
 “ sons, not having sufficient worth and virtue to
 “ support it, contrary to the good and whole-
 “ some rules and institutions, by the wise men
 “ of all ages, in that case made and provided:
 “ We therefore, by virtue of the Tribunitian
 “ authority, and in discharge of the trust reposed
 “ in us, do, by these presents, most strictly pro-
 “ hibit and forbid all persons for the future, to
 “ assume, or to wear the said name, style, and
 “ title, who know themselves to be Knaves in
 “ their hearts, and content themselves with
 “ wishing the harm which they have not the
 “ courage to do. We also declare all human
 “ Vegetables, and indolent Neuters in the affairs
 “ of mankind, or their country, incapable of
 “ bearing this honourable distinction; and make
 “ void the pretensions of any one to it, who
 “ courts it not for its own sake, but on account
 “ of the advantages attending it. And foras-
 “ much as whoever is a REAL HONEST MAN,
 “ is such in all times, in all places, and to all
 “ persons; we further declare it to be a most
 “ dishonest and unworthy practice, to have
 “ causeless respect of persons in the common
 “ offices of humanity; or to hate any man for
 “ the colour of his beard, or the cut of his
 “ cloaths, for his not being a member of any

“ particular club, or for taking his tobacco in
 “ any of the different forms of fumigation, masti-
 “ cation, or inspiration, or for any other indiffe-
 “ rent circumstance, foreign to real goodness
 “ and virtue. And that none may plead igno-
 “ rance in the premises, we order this our Pro-
 “ hibition to be forthwith made public, strictly
 “ charging and requiring all Lexicographers,
 “ Philologists, Grammarians, and other retain-
 “ ers to the republic of letters, to be aiding and
 “ assisting in the due observance thereof.”



*That vein of delicate humour ; that chastised
 gaiety of fancy, and easy elegance of expres-
 sion, in which Mr. ADDISON so peculiarly
 excelled, appear conspicuously in the follow-
 ing comparison of Men with Musical Instru-
 ments.*

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture,
 wherein all the Painters of the age in which
 it was drawn, are represented sitting together in
 a circle, and joining in a Consort of Music. Each
 of them plays upon such a particular instrument
 as is the most suitable to his character, and ex-
 presses that style and manner of painting which
 is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-Painter
 of those times, to show the grandeur and bold-
 ness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth,
 which

which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent Artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a Theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of Music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind, might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of those therefore in their order, and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, over-bear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a ratling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good-breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with Ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small consort. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude

tude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The Lutanists therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of Music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding: A play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at Hide-Park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet however is a necessary instrument about a Court, and a proper enlivener of a consort, tho' of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satyr, and bear away the upper part in every consort.

confort. I cannot however but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear Music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of the Violin.

There is another Musical Instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-Viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the confort, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-Viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Britain to be naturally a Bass-Viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of the few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your
dull,

dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify a haltpenny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this island is more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I don't know whether we should make a distinct species of them: Nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsicords, a kind of music which every one knows is a consort by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and firing, tongs and key, marrow-bone and clever.

The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chrystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods and flowry meadows; which

which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-Viols are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Wills's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of Charing-Cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must entreat my Reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-Viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different Musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than

to play out of time, and incroach upon their parts in the consort by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this Paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words :

“ DEAR ISAAC,

“ I intend to have a consort at my house this evening, having by great chance got a Harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet ; let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

“ Your very faithful servant,

“ NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.

VERSES



V E R S E S

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

[SHENSTONE.]

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not DAMON's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell!
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flatt'ry smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
 Ah vices ! gilded by the rich and gay !
 I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
 Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name,
 Expencc, and art, and toil, united strove ;
 To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
 Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
 I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn ;
 I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
 And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
 Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove ;
 I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
 And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the rest ?
 Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?
 Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
 Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame ;
 Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day ;
 When scorn'd by virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
 Low at my feet desponding JESSY lay.

" HENRY, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
 See the sad reliques of a nymph undone !
 I find, I find this rising sob renew'd :
 I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.

Amid

IN PROSE AND VERSE. 21

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

Alas! no more the joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan:
All seem to chafe me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, JESSY; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu:
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate shou'd nourish pangs for you.

Raise

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend, I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair:
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew:
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil,
Envy may fling a face no longer fair,
And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race:
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign:
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in pray'rs for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend:
I saw her breast with ev'ry passion heave:
I left her—torn from ev'ry earthly friend:
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be, the fatal storm arose,
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain:
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close,
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And

IN PROSE AND VERSE. 23

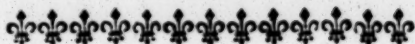
And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay :
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear :
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier !



*An Extemporary POEM by LORD CHESTER-
FIELD.*

WHAT do scholars, and bards, and philosophers
 wife
Mean by stuffing our heads with such nonsense and lies,
By telling us Venus must always appear
In a car, or a shell, or a twinkling star :
Drawn by sparrows, or swans, a dolphin, or doves,
And attended in form by the Graces and Loves,
With a passport to hearts, a belt round her waste,
That *Ambrosia* and *Nectar* is all she will taste ?
Without all this trouble I saw the bright Dame,
When to supper last night to *Poultney's* she came
In a good warm sedan : no fine open car,
Two chairmen her doves, and a flambeau her star :
No *Nectar* she drank, no *Ambrosia* she eat,
Her cup was plain *Claret*, and *Chicken* her meat :
Nor wanted a *Cestus* her bosom to grace,
For RICHMOND that night had lent her her face.

From



From the following affecting Narrative, of the calamities incident to the most virtuous characters, may be deduced this consolatory inference, that to secure the testimony of a good conscience (which is in the power of all), is the most certain, if not the only means, of rendering the miseries of life supportable.

[MAN OF FEELING.]

WHEN the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post-chaise or horses, to any distance he had a-mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes

times consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixtude of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that Painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two

D

roads

roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old, said he to himself, but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities; I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into
the

the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear, said he, sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father! said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir, returned the other; and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now; it is just four miles from the height to the village, thither I am going." "I am going there too, said Harley; we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; it is a character I have the highest esteem for—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman, said he, you are too good; may heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it, answered Harley, I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir, said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of

his discourse, is not your name Harley?" "It is, replied he; I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face, said the stranger, it is a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—Edwards! cried Harley, oh! heavens! and sprung to embrace him; let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"It is a long tale, replied Edwards; but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the Squire, who had lately got a London Attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not chuse to have any farm under 300 l. a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the
under-

undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and took the Squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangled on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession; I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and saved me from a gaol: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

“ Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went however as far as the gooseberry-bush; that you may remember stood on the left-side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there: when he had reached that spot
he

he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Truly; he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed in tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear and no more.

"Though I was poor, continued he, I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring Justice of the Peace, and broke all our family-happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey on our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the Justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him just

as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the but-end of it felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the Justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived however to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality: but the Justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press-orders came down to our county, and having met with the Justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the Justices' list.

"It was on a Christmas-eve, and the birthday too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game
at

at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time. the two children, and an old maid-servant, that had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer-room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; "I shall have you now," said he, and turned about. "Shall you so, master, answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by."—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom,

whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot : he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering, at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service ; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair : " My poor infants ! said she, your father is forced from you ; who shall now labour for your bread ; or must your mother beg for herself and you ? " I prayed her to be patient ; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, " If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son ? " " Why, I don't know, said he ; you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much. " I put the money in his hand ; and coming back to my children, " Jack, said I, you are free ; live to give your wife and these little ones bread ; I will go, my child, in your stead : I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, should add one to the wretches you left behind. " " No, replied my son, I am not that coward you imagine me ; heaven forbid, that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home ; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family. " " Jack, said I, I will put an end to this matter ; you have never hitherto disobeyed me ; I will not be con-

tradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children."

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of getting rich at the expence of my conscience.

"Among our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a Court-martial.

martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times: he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: "Take this, said he, my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure." I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me:—You are an Englishman, said he, but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest! We parted; and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my

days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children ; it is all the value I put upon it. I thank heaven I never was covetous of wealth ; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation Harley stood a while looking at him in silence ; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fulness of his heart by a shower of tears, " Edwards, said he, let me hold thee to my bosom ; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran ! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity : call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy ; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the roadside : " Oh heavens ! he cried, what do I see : silent, unroofed, and desolate ! Are all thy gay tenants gone ? do I hear their hum no more ? Edwards, look there, look there ! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous ! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill ; it is but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its benches filled with cherubs : that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported ;

see

see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough."

"Dear Sir, replied Edwards, perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good." "They cannot, said Harley, they cannot! I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of its dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "Alack a-day! said she, it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the Squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down! cried Harley."—"Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his

his narrow heart, cried Harley, that could violate a right so sacred ! Heaven blast the wretch !

“ And from his derogate body never spring
“ A babe to honour him !” —————

But I need not, Edwards, I need not (recovering himself a little), he is cursed enough already ; to him the noblest source of happiness is denied ; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children !” “ If you want any thing with the school-mistress, Sir, said the woman, I can show you the way to her house.” He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. “ There, Sir, is the school-mistress.” — “ Madam, said Harley, was not an old venerable man school-master here some time ago ?” “ Yes, Sir, he was ; poor man ! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down ; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time.” — “ And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils ?” — “ Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish ; and more promising children I never saw.” “ Orphans !” said Harley. “ Yes, Sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish ; and it is a thame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when
they

they have most need to remember them.”—

“Madam, said Harley, let us never forget that we are all relations.” He kissed the children.

“Their father, Sir, continued she, was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: ~~what~~ with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck, and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses.”

“What Edwardses?” cried the old soldier hastily. “The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were.”—“South-hill!” said he, in languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grand-children in his arms, “Oh! my children, my children! he cried, have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father’s grey hairs to the grave! And these little ones”—his tears choked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

“My dear old man! said Harley, Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you.”—“Yes indeed, Sir, answered the boy; father, when he was a dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grand-father lived, he might send him to
support

support us.”—“Where did they lay my boy?” said Edwards. “In the old Church-yard, replied the woman, hard by his mother.”—“I will show it you, answered the boy; for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks.” He took the old man’s hand, Harley laid hold of his sister’s, and they walked in silence to the church-yard.

There was an old stone with the corner broken off, and some letters half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. “Here it is, grand-father,” said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright; her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. “I have told sister, said he, that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grand-father neither.”—The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come, with the children, to his house, which was distant but a short days journey. The boy walked in his grand-father’s hand; and the
name

name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tower of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half-a-dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon-ton, and Virtu, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up-stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an œconomist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards therefore with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Who-soever receiveth any of these children"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her bible was habitual.

Early next morning Harley stole into the room
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where

where Edwards lay : he expected to have found him a-bed ; but in this he was mistaken : the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grand-son, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley ; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early a-stir. " I was thinking of you, said Harley, and your children : I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant ; if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy ; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut ; its situation, however, was pleasant, and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family as valet, butcher, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand : it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an Angel on his errands of mercy ! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion

sion of Edwards's infant grand-son, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and plety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently interwoven together.

"Edwards, said Harley, I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country: every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power, or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English: I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to enquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than the tyranny of their own petty Princes. I must

doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations have been made. They have drained the treasures of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which those gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, where the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: you enumerate the spoils of those victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

“ Could you tell me of some Conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered? did he accept the gifts of their Princes to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity, which the most barbarous or most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no Burgundy at his table?—these were

were laurels which Princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!”

“Your maxims, Mr. Harley, are certainly right, said Edwards. I am not capable of arguing with you, but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: those a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when their great Generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question if any body, except yourself, and some few like you, would thank them.”

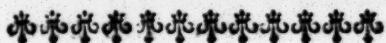
“I am sorry, replied Harley, that there is so much truth in what you say; but however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves; and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice.”

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist him in the care of his grand-children, met them a little way from the house: “There is a young lady within with the children,” said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit:
it

it was however not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady then was no other than a Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related it. Curiosity, or some other motive, made her desirous to see his grand-children: this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the simplicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grand-father bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now: she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, a cap, and a suit of ribbands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grand-father's voice, and, with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him: putting one hand in his, with the other pointing to his sister, "See, said he, what Miss Walton has brought us."—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eyes on Miss Walton; hers were turned to the ground;—in Edwards's was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—"I cannot speak, young lady, said he, to thank you." Neither could Harley. There were a thousand sentiments;—
but

but they gushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable. * * * *



THE PUPIL. A FRAGMENT.

By the Author of the preceding Article.

* * * * **B**UT as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind;—let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

“ Will smile, and smile, and be a villain :”

and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—Men will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies.—It is impossible, said I, that there can be half so many rogues as are imagined.

I tra-

I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford, said my father, which I will not be refused: You have travelled as became a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?"—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said,—my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—"I am a proud fool, said he, and you will pardon it;—there! (he sighed again) I can hear of dependance, since it is dependance on my Sedley."—"Dependance! answered my father; there can be no such word between us: what is there in 9000 l. a-year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?"—They embraced, and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The Count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son: We lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began
to

to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

The Count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition: we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

Sometimes, in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice; I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connection I had formed; but a lecture of four injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart; "And their HONOUR, said I, laying my hand on my breast, is unquestionable." Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed all their sprightliness and good-humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of Count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into the tenderness of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions; when we parted he made the highest eulogiums upon them: "When shall we see them again?" said he. I was delighted with the demand, and promised to reconduct him on the morrow.

In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to see, as he told me, the performances of a young statuary. When we were near the house in which Mountford said he lived, a boy of about seven years old crossed us in the street. At sight of Mountford he stopped, and grasping his hand, "My dearest Sir, said he, my father is likely to do well; he will live to pray for you, and to bless you: yes, he will bless you, though you are an Englishman, and some other hard word that the monk talked of this morning which I have forgot, but it meant that you should not go to heaven; but he shall go to heaven, said I, for he has saved my father: come and see him, Sir, that we may be happy."—"My dear, I am engaged at present with this gentleman."—"But he shall come along with you; he is an Englishman too, I fancy; he shall come and learn how an Englishman may go to heaven."—Mountford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

After

After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprised at the sight; our little conductor observed it. "Are you afraid, Sir?" said he; I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them." He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy, still younger than himself, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

On something like a bed lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye! the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling through the dimness of his own!—when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground and clasped his knees; he raised her from the floor; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

"Compose yourself, my love, said the man on the bed; but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects."—"How is this, Mountford?" said I; what do I see? what must I do?"—"You see, replied the stranger, a

wretch, sunk in poverty, starved in prison, stretched on a sick-bed ! but that is little :—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them ! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind ; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue ! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford's ; come nearer and I will tell you ; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of Count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife : this her prudence had concealed from me ; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour ; and threatened misery, as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved : the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravoës (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction) who attempted to assassinate me in the street ; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which however were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed : in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, of which he had made himself master for my ruin ; I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received ; that dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together ; but Providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support : he has relieved

lieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent on my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary, had almost reduced me."

"Inhuman villain!" I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven. "Inhuman indeed! said the lovely woman who stood at my side: Alas! Sir, what had we done to offend him? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance?"—I reached a pen which stood in an ink-standish at the bed-side—"May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned?"—I was able, he replied, to pay all but 500 crowns."—I wrote a draught on the banker, with whom I had a credit from my father, for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger's wife, "You will receive, Madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband's discharge; the remainder I leave for his industry to improve." I would have left the room: each of them laid hold of one of my hands; the children clung to my coat:—Oh! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment; it beats here with delight inexpressible!—"Stay, Sir, said he, I do not mean attempting to thank you (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow); let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford's?"—Sedley—he wrote it down—"An Englishman too I presume."—"He shall go to heaven notwithstanding," said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and

and burst from the place to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

"Oh! Mountford!" said I, when he had overtaken me at the door: "It is time, replied he, that we should think of our appointment; young Respino and his friends are waiting us." "Damn him, damn him!" said I; let us leave Milan instantly; but soft—I will be calm; Mountford, your pencil." I wrote on a slip of paper,

TO SIGNOR RESPINO,

"When you receive this I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you were pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

EDWARD SEDLEY."

"You may send this if you will, said Mountford coolly; but still Respino is A MAN OF HONOUR; the world will continue to call him so."—"It is probable, I answered, they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners"—"Tut! said Mountford, do you eat macaroni?"——

The



The following lines were, a few years ago, inserted in the St. James's Chronicle.—After their publication, it appears, that an Elopement was effected in consequence of this Assignment, and that the happy pair were married about eight hours before they were overtaken.—The singularity of the stratagem, and the elegance of the poetry, will undoubtedly render them an acceptable present to our Readers.

“ To her who knows it to be designed for her.”

GUARDED by all that's mean, old, ugly, evil,
By servants, aunts, stale virgins, and the devil,
Who watch, from far, the hobbling post's approach,
And hunt each band-box, from the London-coach;
How shall this notice reach thy generous hand?
How 'scape the ravage of their hostile band?

While these my letters to thy sight refuse,
Their curious nature still demand—the news;
Contented there through tales of blood they rove,
But turn abhorrent from a page of love—
Come then, Saint James! once aid a harmless plot,
For once deserve the name of—honest Scot!
'Tis piddling work, nor worthy thee, I own,
For our rebellion strikes not at a throne.

One,—two;—the post arrives, the paper's dry'd,
Quick croud the hearers to the reader's side;
Her pale, sharp nose her spectacles ascend,
Her cats, sweet rivals of her voice, attend:

A patent

A patent lozenge stills her barking cough,
And then drawls on the tedious female soph.

And now, old hag of threescore years and three,
Be blind to raptures never felt for thee :
Ne'er read of eyes that speak, or hopes that glow,
Or sigh for blessings thou must never know :
But clip thy corns, the chaplain's fat upbraid,
Scold callous nurse, and pinch thy humble maid !

At length, with thoughts from hated objects clear,
My soften'd verse, Euphrasia, greets thine ear ;
It whispers now, that all's prepar'd for flight,
And freedom smiles on Monday's conscious night.—
Soon as the clock, that shakes the postern tower,
With twelve shrill notes proclaims th' eventful hour,
North of the church, where, near the beechen glade,
The moss-grown belfry yields a friendly shade
(A place, no window's treach'rous height can view,
Should rattling wheels awake the venal crew),
There, screen'd with boughs, the guarded chaise shall pass,
Nor moon-beams glitter on its polish'd glass :—
Afi'de that spot where oft, by duty led,
Thou view'st a tomb that holds a parent dead
(Whose gentle shade, from distant skies will say,
“ Go on, and Angels speed my daughter's way !”),
I'll meet thy steps ;—and when a lover's care
Has sooth'd the terrors of my anxious fair,
Far thence we'll seek the Priest, our hands to join,
And seal our passport to Cythera's shrine.

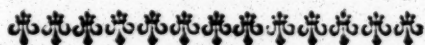
Yet, ere the hour of trembling bliss arrive,
From that soft breast each dark suspicion drive ;
For know, from avarice, as from falsehood free,
Thy wealth, tho' boundless, had no charms for me :
'Tis true, for this, thy steps yon walls enclose,
And spies, for this, attend thy night's repose :

For

For this, alone, my splendid rival pants ;
 And this, alone, adore thy pious aunts :—
 Wealth, wealth enslav'd thee :—but for sordid ore,
 Distress'd Euphrasia had been free, tho' poor.—
 Yet wherefore curse it ? wherefore now complain ?
 The wealth that forg'd, assists to break, the chain.

Farewell ! and think (for soon these hasty lines
 A nameless hand to Baldwin's care resigns)
 Thou next shalt own me (would the doubt were past !)
 Blest in thy bed, or stretch'd upon my last.—
 Should wakeful malice spread th' accurst alarm ;
 To stop our way should drowsy rusticks arm :
 My friends despise the troop thy house affords,
 Their cank' red musquets, or their pointless swords :—
 At least—the ground, where now thy mother lies,
 Where lasting slumbers veil thy sister's eyes,
 And thousands yet may drop their load of pains—
 Shall aid our flight, or shroud my pale remains.

* * * * *



EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd, fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

H

The

58 MISCELLANIES

The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek ;
 Such orient colour smiles through heav'n
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains ;
 That sun which bids their diamonds blaze
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair :
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of Swains,
 A soul that knew no art,
 And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a with
 That Virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did Love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last
 Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her, in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,
 Who Love nor Pity knew,
 Was all unfeeling as the clod
 From whence his riches grew.

Long

Long had he seen their mutual flame,
And seen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at last
He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove,
His heart that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where Love with Beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast ;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the Northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless pray'rs,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd—but, if your souls
Sweet Mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)
Forbade what Emma came to say,
My Edwin, live for me.

Now homeward as she hopeless went
The church-yard path along,
The blast grew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hov'ring shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling steps,
Her aged mother's door:—
He's gone, she cry'd, and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
Beat high against my side:
From her white arm down sunk her head,
She shiver'd, groan'd, and dy'd.



The following excellent Paper was written by the celebrated Doctor BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and published by way of Preface to Poor Richard's Almanack, some years ago in Philadelphia.

THE WAY TO WEALTH;

Or a few minutes advice to those who would wish to spend the year well.

COURTEOUS READER,

I HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain clean old man, with white locks, "pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? what would you advise us to?"—Father Abraham stood up and replied,
"If

“ If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short ; for a word to the wise is enough,” as Poor Richard says ! They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows :

“ Friends, said he, the taxes are indeed very heavy ; and if those laid by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them ; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly ; and from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us ; God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says.

1st. “ It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service : but idleness taxes many of us much more ; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says.—But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep ! forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says.

“ If time be of all things the most precious,
wasting

wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and, he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, as Poor Richard says.

“ So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times; we may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands; or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, at the working man’s house hunger looks in, but dares not enter; nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.

“ Then

“ Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep,

“ And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.”

“ Work while it is called to day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. One to day is worth two to-morrow, as Poor Richard says; and farther, never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember, that the cat in gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse eat in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.

“ Methinks I hear some of you say, must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many without labour would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent

ligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

2dly, "But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

" I never saw an oft-removed tree,
 " Nor yet an oft-removed family,
 " That throve so well as those that settled be."

And again, Three removes are as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee; and again, If you would have your business done, go; if not, send; and again,

" He that by the plough would thrive,
 " Himself must either hold or drive."

And again, The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands; and again, Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and again, Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open. Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, in the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it: but a man's own care is profitable; for, if you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the
 I enemy;

enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail."

3dly, "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grind-stone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will; and

" Many estates are spent in the getting,

" Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,

" And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

If you would be wealthy think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoings are greater than her income.

" Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

" Women and wine, game and deceit,

" Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, What maintains one vice would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, many a little makes a mickle. Beware of little expences,
A small

IN PROSE AND VERSE. 67

A small leak will sink a great ship, as Poor Richard says; and again, Who dainties love, shall beggars prove; and moreover, Fools make feasts and wise men eat them. Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks: you call them goods, but if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities. And again, At a great pennyworth pause a while. He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on their back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families: Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire, as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniencies; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which

case it appears plainly, that A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think it is day, and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom, as Poor Richard says; and then, When the well is dry, they know the worth of water. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a forrowing, as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises, and says,

“ Fond pride of drefs is fure a very curfe,
“ Ere fancy you consult, consult your purfe.”

And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more faucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it: and it is truly as great a folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

“ Veffels large may venture more,
“ But little boats should keep near shore.”

“ It is, however, a folly soon punished; for,
as

as Poor Richard says, Pride that dines on Vanity, sups on Contempt ;—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.—And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, or ease pain ; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

“ But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit ; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah ! think what you do when you run in debt ; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor ; you will be in fear when you speak to him ; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying ; for, as Poor Richard says, The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt ; and again, to the same purpose, Lying rides upon Debt’s back : whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.—What would you think of that Prince, or of that Government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude ? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please,
and

and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a Government tyrannical! And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such drefs! your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.—The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter. At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

“ For age and want save while you may,
“ No morning sun lasts a whole day.”

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and, It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says; so rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

“ Get

“ Get what you can, and what you get hold,
 “ ’Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.”

And when you have got the Philosopher’s stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.”

4thly, “ This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom : But after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven ; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered and was afterwards prosperous.

“ And now, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that ; for it is true, We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct ; however remember this, They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped ; and farther, that If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles, as Poor Richard says.”

Thus the old Gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, but immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon ; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had written on those topics during the course of twenty-five years.

years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious, that not a tenth-part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever,

Thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

FILIAL



FILIAL DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

A NOVEL.

Particularly addressed to the FAIR SEX.

IT is a common observation, but a very just one; That children do not know the duty which is owing to their parents, till they come to have a progeny of their own; then, indeed the numberless hours of solicitude, which they experience for the happiness of their little ones, wake them into the full sensibility of a filial affection, if they are not wholly callous to the finest feelings of humanity; and they learn a just knowledge of the obligations they lie under to the authors of their being, by the reverence and love which they expect from those on whom they have conferred the blessing of existence themselves.

I myself, Sir, am a melancholy proof of the forgoing observation.—My father, Sir, is a man of family and fortune, who, though he had several other children equally entitled to his attention, yet treated me with such an extraordinary share of affection, that I was generally distinguished by the name of the FAVOURITE: this distinction, however, instead of giving me a laudable ambition of deserving the parental partiality, filled me only
K with

with a shameful inclination to abuse it; the continual indulgence which should excite my gratitude, served entirely to swell my pride; and the favours which I ought to have received with the deepest respect, I looked upon as so many actual debts to my superior accomplishments.—Nay, Sir, I frequently thought my father much obliged to me, when I condescended to accept a token of his tenderness, and resented as an absolute indignity to my merit, any necessary document which he gave on the glaring improprieties of my behaviour.

Volatile and vain, my regards were solely centered in myself, and I imagined him either unnatural or kind, as he consulted the gratification of my wishes; yet though I expected he would upon all occasions comply with the particular turn of my temper, I never recollected that any thing was due to his peace; I never remembered that his happiness materially depended upon my prudence, nor considered how cruelly an act of disobedience must stab him to the heart; on the contrary, Sir, to my everlasting disgrace be it mentioned, I always wanted his repose sacrificed to my own humour, and ever found an exquisite pleasure in revenging on the good, the venerable man, every opposition which he had made to the arrogance of my will; that is, in other words, every affectionate anxiety which he manifested for the advancement of my felicity.

The hand, the upright hand of heaven, however, has justly punished my ingratitude, and the very disobedience in which I triumphed, is now, by the wise dispensation of Providence, a rod of scorpions to itself. If I can, Sir, I will pursue my
unfor-

unfortunate story : yet the recollection of my guilt almost stings me into madness ; and I even blush to ask compassion from the world, where I am conscious so little pity is due to my tears.

Indulged as I was by the goodness thus abused, Sir, and possessed of a person, perhaps, passable enough, it may be easily supposed that when I approached to maturity, I received some flattering addresses from your sex, especially as I had pretensions to a genteel fortune : my poor father, indeed, was extremely desirous of seeing me settled in the world, and recommended a gentleman to my attention, who was every way qualified to make me happy, if I had entertained any rational idea of happiness : but the very argument which should have reconciled me to this offer, I mean the recommendation of a parent, materially determined me against it. I could not bear the thought of being governed : my lover was, besides, a man wholly without spirit, that is, without either the fashionable follies, or the fashionable vices of the age, and there was no enduring the lifeless morality of such a character ; he was, therefore speedily dismissed, and my father presuming to be offended at my folly, I complied with the pressing solicitations of a young Captain of Dragoons, who had newly enrolled himself among the number of my admirers, and spiritedly accompanied him on a matrimonial tour to Scotland, without ever asking a single question relative to his circumstances or his family.

Oh ! ye amiable, ye now smiling daughters of prosperity, who enjoy the blessings of a paternal protection, learn from my wretched fate to set a

just estimation on the tenderness of a father; do not think disobedience a proof of good sense, nor imagine it a mark of heroism to be unnatural. Unacquainted with the ways of the world, you require instruction from the wise, and none can be so faithful a monitor, as he who is most deeply interested in your happiness. Had I prudently followed the lesson, which fatal experience enables me to inculcate, how many days of anguish had I avoided! But recollection now only serves to harrow up my bosom, and the misery which must mark the remnant of my life, is for ever to be aggravated with the consciousness of its being justly merited.

For some time after my marriage, Sir, I expected every day to receive an overture of reconciliation from my father, and my pride began to be severely mortified at the bare imagination that it was possible for him to cast me wholly off from his affection.—But this pride was still more mortified when my husband informed me, that he had lost a large sum of money at play, and that, unless my family immediately did some very handsome things for me, he must not only be under an indispensable necessity of selling his commission, but must eternally bid adieu to his country. Thunder-struck at this information, I felt all the guilt of my late misconduct with the keenest sensibility.—Nay, my very vanity supplied the place of virtue; and pointed out the meanness of applying only in the hour of distress, and even then of applying merely for relief to the father, whom I had so infamously deserted, for an acquaintance of a month. However, the application was unavoidable; my
husband's

husband's difficulties, if removed, were to be removed instantly. I therefore sat down blushing with shame, yet trembling with apprehension, and wrote a penitential letter to my father, acknowledging my faults, setting forth my distresses, and conjuring him, by all he held most dear, to take pity on my wretched situation.

This letter I dispatched by a footman, who returned in a little time with the excruciating answer, that my father had solemnly determined never to hold the least intercourse with an unnatural wretch, who had destroyed his everlasting peace of mind, and brought an indelible stain upon his house, by marrying a despicable gambler. Dreadful as this reply appeared to me, the information it contained, with regard to my husband's character, was the most insupportable part of it. I always looked upon him to be a gentleman at least; though imprudently married, I did not think myself married dishonourably. But my father's opinion of my choice was unhappily too justly founded, and when the contemptible fellow, in whose hands I had placed the whole happiness of my life, discovered that my expectations of a fortune were entirely at an end, he quitted the kingdom, and the first intelligence I received of his flight, came from a man to whom he had sold not only the furniture of his house, but all the little ornaments I carried with me from home, even to the gown in which I was then dressed; leaving me but two guineas to enter upon an inhospitable world, and to support a helpless poor infant, who was as cruelly deserted as its unfortunate mother.

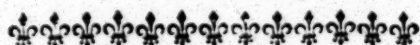
To whom, or what, or how could I complain?
In

In the first moments of my distraction, nothing but the agonizing fondness which I felt for my unhappy little boy, prevented me from some act of desperation on my own person. When I considered the miserable state to which I had reduced myself, my mind was hurried into madness; but when I saw my sweet innocent, and recollected his life immediately depended upon mine, my despair was melted into anguish, and found relief in a plentiful flood of tears. With the two guineas already mentioned, and a few small sums which I have borrowed from the friends who still condescended to own me, I have made a shift, Sir, to subsist for a twelvemonth, which has now just elapsed since the sight of my barbarous husband.—But alas! Sir, these resources now begin to fail me. People industriously seek causes to avoid an intercourse with the wretched, and I who once thought it disgraceful even to make concessions to a father, am now obliged to supplicate the compassion of strangers for a precarious bit of bread. What will become of me, heaven only knows! unless I am speedily assisted. My beautiful prattler lies at this moment dangerously ill of a fever, and must inevitably perish for want of necessaries, if the ministring angel of Providence does not quickly stretch forth some blessed hand to his relief.

To my father I dare not look up for pity—Yet, venerable author of my being! if you could conceive but the smallest idea of what your abandoned Maria feels for her disobedience, if you could but know the pangs which tear her bosom, while she thus relates her ingratitude to you, and weeps over the melancholy cradle of her expiring infant,
your

your generous heart would be struck at her afflictions, and your humanity would be interested for the fellow-creature, though your justice might prevent you from looking with tenderness upon the daughter! O then, with mercy, hear her prayer—she does not presume to address your fondness as a father—but your charity as a man—save her dying little one—and she asks no compassion for herself—snatch him from the grave, and give her to death without reluctance—he is called after yourself, and may yet live to make some atonement for his mother's crime—No! 'tis too late—he is now in his last agonies—and all will be speedily over with him.

MARIA MORTIMER.



THE EFFECTS OF HABITUAL MISERY,
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF A
DISABLED SOLDIER.

NO observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than That one-half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at

at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathising with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he, who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintance to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while Tragedy proclaims their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower rank of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties and fatigue our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they bear their hard fate with cheerfulness.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rebutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose great calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness.

piness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden-leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into a posture to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank heaven, 'tis not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so

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I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners could not tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, indeed, they would have kept sending me about so long, that they would let me be born in no parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a Justice of Peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me: and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at her:—well, what will you have on’t? I killed the hare, and was bringing her away in triumph, when the Justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me,

me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell upon my knees, begged his Worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very good account, the Justice would not believe one word I had to say; so I was indicted at the next sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

" People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time as in duty bound to do.

" When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad was I to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

" I was very happy in this manner for some
L 2 time,

time, till one evening coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang; I was carried before a Justice, and as I could give no account of myself, I had the choice, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East-India Company’s service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, if I had kept my health, our Captain would have done something for me, but I fell sick with the fatigue I underwent, and so got leave to return home with 40 l. in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the late war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the Government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“ The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow; he swore he knew that I understood my business well, and that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but God knows I knew nothing of sea-business. I had still, however, the 40 l. and that was some comfort to me under my beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but our ship was soon after taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“ Our

“ Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me (for I always loved to lie well), I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand:—“ Jack, said he, will you knock out the French centry’s brains?” “ I don’t care, said I, if I lend a hand.” “ Then follow me, and I hope we shall do business.” So up I got, and tied the blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and deceitful dogs into the bargain.

“ Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to fight five Frenchmen at any time; so we went down to the door, where both centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seized the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been there long, before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of 40 guns, while we had but 22; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for six hours, and was a most obstinate one, but at last every man on board our ship, from the Captain to the cabin-boy, being either killed or wounded, we were obliged to strike.

“ I was

“ I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Bress; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. In the last engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of my left-hand, and my leg was shot off; but still I was not so badly off as our old boatswain, who lost his head. If I had had the good fortune to have received my wounds on board a King's ship, and not a privateer, I should have been intitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle.— However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty and Old England for ever, huzza!”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

A WHIM.



A WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

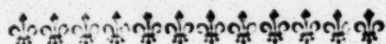
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

AT the close of an election at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. "My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greatest man in the world. I long to serve you. What can I do for you?" "May it please your Grace, an Exciseman of this town is very old; I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die." "Aye, that you shall with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he was dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend; be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking: If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, come to Court; if I am not at Court, never rest till you find me; not the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking secrets together in the Cabinet." The voter swallowed

lowed every thing with extasy; and scraping down to the ground, retired to wait for the death of the Excifeman. The latter took his leave of this world in the following winter. As soon as ever the Duke's friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-Fields about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder which some of the English had been induced to believe, by some particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the Noble Duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his Catholic Majesty should be announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the Duke would not retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber, who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter—"Yes; his Grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came."—"Ah, God bless him! I know that the Duke told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up."—The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and, in the transport of his joy, cried out, "My Lord, he is dead."—"That's well, my dear friend! I'm glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?"—"The morning before last."—"What, so lately! Why,

my

my worthy, good creature, you must had flown. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?"—"All I wish for in this world is, that your Grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him." "You, you blockhead! you King of Spain! what family pretensions can you have? Let's look at you."—By this time the astonished Duke had drawn back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend, but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest might easily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the King of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was, at first, dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for Monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the PRESENT times, may appear, at least, as honourable; he made him an Exciseman.



I N S C R I P T I O N

ON A SHEEP-COTE.

[BY SHENSTONE.]

SHEPHERD, would'st thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle Shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou can'st no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows;
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what Reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey.

“ Crimfon

“ Crimfon leaves the rofe adorn,
“ But beneath ’em lurks a thorn ;
“ Fair and flow’ry is the brake,
“ Yet it hides the vengeful fnake.

“ Think not the whose empty pride
“ Dares the fleecy garb deride,
“ Think not the who, light and vain,
“ Scorns the fheep, can love the fwain.

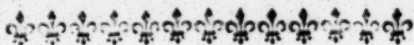
“ Artlefs deed and fimple drefs,
“ Mark the chofen Shepherdess ;
“ Thoughts by decency controul’d,
“ Well conceiv’d, and freely told.

“ Senfe that fhuns each confcious air,
“ Wit that falls ere well aware ;
“ Generous pity prone to figh
“ If her kid or lambkin die.

“ Let not lucre, let not pride
“ Draw thee from fuch charms afide :
“ Have not thofe their proper fphere ?
“ Gentler paffions triumph here.

“ See, to fweeten thy repofe,
“ The bloffom buds, the fountain flows :
“ Lo ! to crown thy healthful board,
“ All that milk and fruits afford.

“ Seek no more—the reft is vain ;
“ Pleafure ending foon in pain :
“ Anguifh lightly gilded o’er :
“ Clofe thy wifh, and feek no more.



The following beautiful Epilogue to the Tragedy of SEMIRAMIS was written by the ingenious R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. and will be perused with delight, while a taste for genuine Poetry exists.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding Queen,
 Shall I with Jest deride the Tragic Scene?
 No, beauteous mourners! from whose down-cast eyes—
 The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice!
 Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*,—bear
 The chrystal incense of each falling tear:—
 —*There* lives the Poets praise!—no Critic art
 Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When gen'ral plaudits speak the Fable o'er,—
 Which mute attention had approv'd before,
 Tho' ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest
 Which chafes sorrow from the vulgar breast,
 Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tint retain,—
 —The sigh is pleasure! and the jest is pain!—
 Scarce have they smiles to honour Grace or Wit,
 Tho' Roscius spoke the Verse himself had writ!
 Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
 The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
 Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of forest birth
 Throws with the morning beam its dews to earth,
 —Ne'er does the gentle *Rose* revive so soon,—
 But bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops 'till noon.
 O could the Muse one simple moral teach!
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might reach!
 —Then

—Thou Child of Sympathy—whoe'er thou art,
 Who, with Assyria's Queen hast wept thy part,—
 Go search, where keener woes demand relief,
 Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief;
 Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye,—
 Go—and on *real* Misery bestow
 The bless'd effusion of fictitious woe!

So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
 Deserve, indeed, the title of—*Divine*!—
 Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
 And *Pity*—greet her—with a sister's love!



*In the Church of Wrexham, in North-Wales, is the
 following Epitaph of Elihu Yale, Esq. who was in-
 terred in 1721.*

BORN in America, in Europe bred,
 In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd: at London dead.
 Much good, some ill, he did: so hope all's even,
 And that his soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heaven.
 You that survive, and read, take care
 For this most certain exit to prepare:
 For only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.



THE FATAL EFFECTS OF
INTEMPERANCE DISPLAYED,
IN A
NARRATIVE founded upon FACT.

A COUNTRY gentleman, whose estate lies some distance from London, had two sons and a daughter; but his income being none of the largest, and perhaps not entirely free from incumbrances, a near relation, in Picardy, took the younger son, for whom he had a particular regard, in order to educate him in a manner suitable to the wishes of his parents. This young gentleman, whom I shall call Polydore, was about 14 years of age when he left England; and during his stay in France, which was near eight years, made great progress in several branches of polite literature; which, together with an affable disposition, naturally sprightly, and a lively genius, acquired him at once the title of an accomplished gentleman, and the love of all his acquaintance. This was doubtless no small pleasure to his relation, who had taken the trouble of his education on himself, as well as to his parents, who were extremely desirous

ous of his return to England, that they might have the pleasure of seeing a person so dear to them, and who had acquired so brilliant a character.—Agreeable to their repeated sollicitations, he took leave of his guardian in Picardy, and returned to London.

During the interval of his absence, his sister Alefia had not only forfeited her title to the honour of her family, but the affection and regard of her parents. Led on by youth, inexperience, and vanity, she had too long listened to the artful flattery, and deceitful insinuations, of a villain; who, under pretence of marriage, deprived her of innocence, that jewel which alone renders beauty charming; and had no sooner satisfied his brutal appetite, than, rejecting every vow and promise he had made, he left her to the sarcastic reflections of a censorious world. Thus betrayed by a base deceiver, and continually assaulted by the poignant stings of her own reflection, she became a prey to rage, grief, and misery; she, who some few months before, was the rising hopes of an ancient family, the darling of her aged parents, and one of the most beautiful of her sex, was now dishonoured and plunged into the gulph of infamy by the man she loved. These circumstances were, one would imagine, sufficient to have driven her to despair, and induced her to have put a period to her existence; but we find that the greatest evils, when not terminated immediately, grow in time less frightful to our apprehensions, and appear less burdensome and dreadful, than they were represented by our first ideas. Thus it happened to Alefia; her disgrace grew every day more familiar

miliar to her, the shame of her action decreased, till at last the fear of want drove her into one of the most abandoned scenes of wickedness, with all its train of evils, that of a prostitute.

Such was the unhappy life of Alesia, when Polydore, totally ignorant of what had befallen his sister, returned from France. Having received notice of his coming, I waited on him the very afternoon he arrived, when he received me with the greatest politeness, embraced me as a friend to their family, and expressed his obligations for several epistles I had sent him. I spent several hours with him, and was never more agreeably entertained. Some gentlemen coming in towards evening, with whom he had been acquainted abroad, I took my leave with a promise to breakfast with him next morning. But an accident as unexpected as dreadful, the melancholy effects of intemperance, rendered that interview, which I had flattered myself would be as agreeable as the former, the most shocking I ever met with. Coming early to his lodgings, his servant told me he had been absent all that night, and came home in a chair very much disordered, about an hour before my arrival; adding that, he had immediately shut himself up in his closet, and sent a messenger for me. It will be easily imagined how greatly I was shocked at this relation; but went immediately up-stairs, and found him sitting in his closet in the most dejected attitude: his eyes were fixed upon a chair that stood opposite to him, without taking the least notice of my approach. I spoke several times before he indicated any regard; at last turning his head, with all the appearance of
agony

agony and despair, he cried out, "O Sir! my sister!" and then burst into tears, looking at me with the greatest emotion. Such an unexpected behaviour in my friend rendered me, for some time, incapable of returning an answer. But at length, recovering my spirits, I was persuaded he had heard something of the unfortunate Alesia; and therefore endeavoured, as well as the confusion I was in would allow, to mitigate, in some degree, the actions she had been guilty of, in order to alleviate his grief. But he soon interrupted me, and starting from his seat, cried out with great vehemence, "Let me speak," and sat down immediately. I stood silent for near five minutes, when he began to tell me the occasion of his sorrow.

His relation was very confused, and often broken with sighs and exclamations; but I understood that the company I saw at his lodgings the preceding evening had carried him to a tavern; where, being overpowered with liquor, he had accepted the offer of one of the gentlemen, to carry him to the house of a celebrated courtesan, who, very unfortunately, was the wretched Alesia; and that, prompted by an excess of wine, he inconsiderately engaged to spend the night with her; it not being in the power of either to recollect the features of the other, after so long an absence. But what must be their surprize in the morning, when he saw on her finger a ring he had once sent her as a present? He immediately laid fast hold of her hand, and asked, with some precipitation, where she had stole it? She answered, without equivocation, that her brother in France had sent it her;

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and

and that she had kept it for his sake, though she had often strong temptations to do otherwise : then looking on each other with great earnestness, they too well remembered their near affinity, and both fell down in a swoon. Polydore first recovering, and seeing the condition of his sister, did not fail of giving her every assistance in his power ; but as soon as she began to revive, he withdrew to his apartments, after ordering proper care to be taken of her.

Having informed me of this melancholy transaction, he begged I would go and see his sister, which I readily promised, and accordingly went immediately in search of her ; for he was so deeply affected with the misfortune, that he could give me no positive directions. I however succeeded, and on acquainting her maid I had something of consequence to communicate, was introduced into her bed-chamber, where she was sitting in a very pensive attitude. On my entering she arose from her seat, and in a very serious accent, demanded my business. I was willing to know how far the late adventure had depressed her spirits, and therefore answered briskly, " Pleasure, Madam ;" at the same time taking her by the hand. Upon which she drew back some paces, and snatching away her hand, told me I was certainly mistaken in the person I intended to honour with my company ; and that if pleasure was my business, her looks, at first sight, might have convinced me of my error. I made no answer to what she said, upon which she proceeded in the following manner. " If I may judge from appearance, Sir, you are a gentleman ; and as such, make pretensions to sense, honour, and

and education. Then tell me, Sir, what pleasure did you ever taste, or what can you ever expect to enjoy, in the arms of a prostitute? What happiness can you hope for in the society of such vile abandoned wretches? Even while we smile we hate you and all your sex, on account of him who first caused our ruin. Our fondness is all hypocrisy, and the wretched pleasure you imagine you enjoy, augments the wickedness of a wretch too heavily loaded with crimes already."

I must confess I was not sorry to see her so sensibly touched with her wretched condition; and accordingly told her, it gave me much greater satisfaction to see a person in her situation so deeply affected with her guilt, than I had ever felt in their society during their gayer hours; adding, that if she would place so much confidence in me, as to make me acquainted with her circumstances, she should find me a person of so much honour, as to use all my endeavours to extricate her from a state she justly considered as the very sink of misery. She thanked me for this assurance, and proceeded to relate many circumstances of her life, to which I was before a stranger. But all my endeavours proved insufficient to induce her to relate the fatal affair with her brother; till I proposed her returning to her parents, provided they would condescend to receive her, and promised to do my utmost endeavours in procuring her pardon. This offer brought a fresh shower of tears in her eyes; and breaking out into a sudden exclamation, she cried, "No, never must I see them more. Was I not curst enough in being one of the most abandoned of prostitutes, but I must aggravate my mi-

series in submitting to the embraces of a brother?" Here her tears stopt her speech, and after some moments silence, she thus proceeded in a very low and moving manner. "There have been times, Sir, when amidst all the scenes of guilt that surrounded me, I could have hoped for pardon, both from heaven and my parents; but last night, O hateful to my remembrance! I was sunk into the lowest depth of vice; and ruined beyond redemption." She then proceeded to inform me of what I had before heard from Polydore, without omitting the least circumstance. I seemed greatly surprised at so shocking a relation; but still insisted on her writing to her parents, if not, to desire their forgiveness, at least to assure them of her penitence. She seemed to assent to this, and desired I would give her the satisfaction of breakfasting with her next morning. This I promised, and immediately took my leave.

In the mean time, the severe reflections of Polydore had thrown him into a dangerous fever. He was in bed when I returned, quite delirious, and a physician attending. He raved greatly, and often repeated the name of his sister, without betraying any further the anxieties of his mind. The servants being all present, the Doctor and I were imprudent enough to leave his bed, and to retire to the further end of the room, discoursing very seriously on the nature and cause of his disorder. During this short interval, he started up, and catching his sword, which hung at a small distance from him, he put himself in a fencing posture, and demanded furiously who we were? and what our business? adding, he would have no consultations held

held about him, and that unless we instantly left the room, we should feel his resentment. This unexpected behaviour astonished us both; the physician looked at him with great surprize, and while Polydore seemed very intend on him, I rushed on him and wrestled the weapon from his hand. It was with great difficulty we got him into bed again, and then ordered two persons to keep him confined. In this melancholy condition I left him late in the evening, not being able to get one rational sentence from him during my stay. I spent the night in great uneasiness; and the more so, from the love I bore the parents of these unfortunate persons, to whom I thought it yet imprudent to write an account of this melancholy affair.

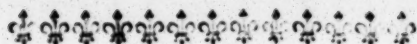
In the morning I went to Alefia's lodgings, according to appointment; but how great was my surprize on being told, that the preceding evening she had ordered a coach, and with her maid went to Palace-yard, where she took a sculler for Vauxhall; but was no sooner at a sufficient distance from the shore, than she suddenly threw herself over-board, and perished; and that as yet her body was not found. I could not help reflecting, notwithstanding the compassion I bore this unhappy creature, how severely the justice of heaven had overtaken her, for being so infamously wicked, and bringing such a load of shame and sorrow on the heads of her indulgent parents. I, however, thought common humanity obliged me to see her decently interred, whenever her body should be found, which happened the same evening, and I accordingly caused her to be privately buried.

I was now very much perplexed to determine
whether

whether I should inform her friends of this melancholy circumstance, or keep it still a secret; and while I was debating with myself, which was the most adviseable method to pursue, I was told by my servant, that a gentleman from the country desired admittance. I immediately rose up to receive him; but guess how greatly I was shocked, when I perceived this person to be Polydore's only brother. My spirits were so greatly agitated, that when he saluted me with the epithet of "dear friend," I could hardly return his compliment, but sat down, and feigned a sudden illness. He seemed greatly alarmed, and asked me if I had seen his brother since his arrival: at this question I could no longer refrain from bursting into tears. He looked at me for some time with great surprize; and at last begged to know the reason of such uncommon behaviour; adding, that he was convinced something more than common illness was necessary to occasion so alarming a transition. I then related to him, without any apology, all I knew with regard to the condition of his brother, and the death of his sister. He heard the melancholy relation with astonishment; and after sitting some time in silence, and, as it were, stiffened with grief, tears burst in torrents from his eyes, and in broken accents, interrupted with the deepest sighs, he exclaimed, "My poor father! my wretched mother!" When the first tumults of his passion subsided, he arose from his seat, saying, "The death of Alesia can hardly be called a misfortune; for she has brought ruin, shame, and misery on herself and the whole family. But O! my brother! how did I flatter myself, thou wouldst retrieve the loss of an abandoned

abandoned sister, and repay the miseries I had suffered with a life of love and friendship! that hope is now turned to despair; and I must drink the very dregs of the cup of affliction!"

After giving this vent to his grief, he went with me to Polydore, whom we found in the same condition I had left him, utterly incapable of knowing any person. I could not prevail upon his brother to stay in town; so that giving me a friendly charge of Polydore, till I should hear further from the country, he returned to his afflicted parents. Polydore continued several days in the same situation, even without sensible intervals, till the weakness of his body could no longer support such violent passions, when the distemper changed into a very uncommon lunacy. The most eminent physicians were consulted without success; and he was, therefore, by the desire of his afflicted parents, removed to a private madhouse, where he still remains a striking instance of the fatal tendency of intemperance, and the necessity of guarding against the least deviations from the paths of virtue.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F

LIEUTENANT L E F E V R E.

[BY MR. STERNE.]

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IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board,—I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle Toby supposed

supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect; this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together—But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?—Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast,—I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles with my service; and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him,

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that

that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host:—and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smok'd about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smok'd on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on since

since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas ;—and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear so; replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoaked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account;

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He

is: said the corporal—and in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good;—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I
will

will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain SHANDY's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with his toast; I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again. Mr. Yorick's curate was smoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong; added
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the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that
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when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not; said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story. When I went up, continued the corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks

to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—if he was of Levens's—said the Lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he, a second time musing;—possibly he may know my story—added he—pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well,—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—On saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here Billy, said he;—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the Ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly
well

well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon.—’Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good-night;—young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the corporal, the Lieutenant’s last day’s march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby’s eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscrap;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French King, as the French King thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor Lieutenant and his son.

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That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby, thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave.—

grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal;—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a'day,—do what you can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in;—and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independantly of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and

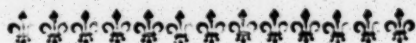
without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the EFFECT of familiarity, but the CAUSE of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

Hail,



*Hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest melancholy!
Whose faintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight!*

[MILTON.]

THE walks of Lincoln's-Inn afforded me, t'other night, an opportunity of being present at an affecting scene, which I believe will be of service to me all my life.

I was enjoying on the terras the cool serenity of an evening, such as our climate but seldom affords; and observing with pleasure the swift decline of day, and the gradual evanescence of the stars, as the moon, rising in clouded majesty, unveiled her light. I was by no means an idle spectator; I reflected on the wisdom and goodness of that Supreme Being, who, 'tis more than probable, far from ordaining these lamps of the firmament to twinkle in vain, or glitter merely for our amusement, employs them to enlighten other worlds, and cheer far distant systems with the same powerful influence with which the sun enlivens ours: nor could I help, on this occasion, recollecting with rapture those beautiful lines of Milton, where Adam mentions his having often listened to the midnight sound of celestial harmony.

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As I attentively viewed the spangled canopy, I was fully convinced that God could never want praise, while Heaven had spectators.

These reflections naturally brought my mind into such a serious train of thinking, as properly disposed it to receive the impressions of an object that suddenly startled me from my reverie. In the shady walk of the lower garden, I discerned, by the light of the moon, a tall and emaciated figure of a man shabbily fine; his stockings ungartered, his waistcoat at once laced and ragged, and in short, like Romeo's Apothecary, Nothing of a piece about him. His behaviour, like his garb, was far from being uniform. Sometimes with a look, wildly attentive, he gazed upon the sky, as if he was reading his destiny among the stars; then on a sudden recovering from his trance, he flew to a neighbouring tree, and catching hold of the trunk, swung himself round it till he was out of breath; and immediately after seating himself on the grass,

—His head thrice shaking up and down,
He look'd alas! unutterable anguish,
And rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being——

This interval gave me leisure to reflect on the miserable object; an object, which as the Spectator justly observes, is a far more melancholy one than Babylon in ruins; and I could not help saying to myself, "How vain are all human pursuits, how weak our pretensions to greatness, wealth,
and

and power, when a disappointment in love or ambition, intense application, or even a slight and casual blow, may dethrone our reason, afflict the unhappy sufferer with the worst of evils, and reduce him to the wretched state of this man before me. This unhappy creature (continued I) may perhaps once have lived in affluence; and have viewed, with humane compassion, the distresses of others, little thinking that the same humanity would induce a stranger to extend the like compassion towards his misfortunes. In this calamity how are the rich and the needy; the wise and the great alike involved! Chiefs that have been followed by triumphant armies have at length been abandoned by their own faculties; and most justly and feelingly does an ingenious cotemporary observe,

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage
flow,
And Swift expires, a driveler and a show."

While I was lost in these reflections, my attention was again awakened by hearing the poor distracted sing, with a pleasing plaintive voice, the following words, which struck me so forcibly that I still remember them:

Hence all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein men taste your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But sacred melancholy.
O sweetest melancholy!

Hail,

Hail, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A look that piercing mortifies;
An eye that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound!
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon-light haunts, when all the fowls
Are hous'd and still, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan;
These are the sounds we feed upon!
Then stretch our limbs in a green shady valley;
Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy!

I returned to my chambers ruminating on what I had heard, and fully convinced of the shrewdness of NAT. LEE, who replied to one who told him, "How easy it was to write like a madman;" "That it was easy to write like a fool; but to write like a madman was a difficult task indeed!" And, in truth, the soothing softness of the song, and the pleasing melancholy in which I left the finger; almost made me credit the truth of the famous assertion, "That there is a pleasure in madness, which none but madmen know."



ON THE
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Boar's-Head Tavern, in Eastcheap:
A REVERIE.
[BY DR. GOLDSMITH.]

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements, only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution: with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth, endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much the boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age; but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor fretful being, with no other means

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to escape the calamities of the times but by endeavouring to forget them; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction: I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and shewing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he.—Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, be gone—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakespeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's-Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immortal merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth, and wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old Knight,
and

and transported my imagination back to the times when the Prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity; the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time: the watchman had gone twelve, my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had had such a long succession of customers. I could not help thinking, that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent: one good joke followed another good joke; and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees. He insensibly began to alter his appearance; his cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes, and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady.—However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be Dame Quickly, mistress of the tavern in the days of Sir John; and

the liquor we were drinking, seemed converted into sack and sugar.

“ My dear Mrs. Quickly, cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? brave and hearty, I hope?” “ In good sooth, replied she, he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work on’t where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable, he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus.”

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than platonic affection: wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observing, with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days: “ Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever since that we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable; when men wear clean shirts, and women shew their necks and arms. All are degenerated,
Mrs.

Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be frittered away into beaus or monkeys. Had you been on earth, to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul, I mean). Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and to presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit to it till eleven, and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting: I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment, interrupted my companion, of neat device and excellent workmanship—In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passed here; and I have whilome compiled three hundred tomes, which estfoons may be submitted to thy regards." "None of your whilome's or estfoons's, Mrs. Quickly, if you please, I replied: I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, Dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language to spare; so give me both as well as you can: but, first, my service to you; old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story."

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“ The story of my own adventures, replied the vision, is but short and unsatisfactory ; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow, is never long-lived. Sir John’s death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers : my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex Justice now), he, I say, it was who gave me a licence for keeping a disorderly house ; upon condition, that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy, that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued, for several years, to pay this tribute ; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly ; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent : but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drank over night the last bottle myself. What will you have on’t?—The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation : though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died
for

for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

“Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men at different periods. You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your Aldermen with plum-porridge, and now crams them with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a Courtier to give up his religion to please the King, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his Minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your antient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful: your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plaisters it with hog’s-lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are——”

“Sure the woman is dreaming,” interrupted I. “None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasonings.”

“If you please then, Sir, returned my companion,

panion, I'll read you an abstract, which I made of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now.

" My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which, they said, I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, reliques were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy-water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, reliques, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continual lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each Priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole; these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!" " Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present; those that labour starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine cloaths and live in luxury."

" In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation; they transgressed, confessed

fessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the Priest was to be tried before an assembly of Priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the Priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a

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confession

confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, the bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed, and guarded by soldiers, while his Majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees, and after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion, whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and, after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole; you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than us."—"I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a Judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

"Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fireworks that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the
first

first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady, whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining, whether she was possessed by an angel or a dæmon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and, when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched, and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop, and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out: the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior's; that, by his command, he resided in his present habitation: and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession.—

The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil talk Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses; the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!" "Equally faulty with ourselves, they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil."

"After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The King conferred it on one of his cast-off-mistresses; she was constituted landlady by royal authority; and, as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a day.

"But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and, in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a Nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hole for herself and all the servants of the family when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of
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the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black halsted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweet-hearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten Miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blind-man's-buff in the parlour; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained Miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, shot at butts, while Miss held in her hand a ribband, with which she adorned the conqueror.—Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant Killer, could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies, knew a witch at first sight, and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were compleatly covered; a monstrous ruff was put round her neck, so that her head appeared like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when compleatly equipped,

equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose.— These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit.” “ I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much: I am equally an enemy to a female dunce or a female pendent.”

“ You may be sure that Miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier, equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The King was struck with her beauty. All property was at the King's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the Sovereign, whom God had anointed to commit adultery where he thought proper. The King loved her for some time: but, at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father-confessor, from a principle of conscience, removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprize you to behold the mistress of a King degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when

when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

“ Under the care of this lady the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious, age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and the vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast, a King to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen Monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, Sir, when Kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now.”

“ Lord! Mrs. Quickly,” interrupting her, “ I expected to have heard a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices; pry’thee let me intreat thee once more to wave reflections, and give thy history without deviation.”

“ No lady upon earth, continued my visionary correspondent, knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and
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the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio. Witness, ye powers of debauchery, how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality! A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

“ Upon this lady’s decease the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at Primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul’s Cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret being born in the times you now live? Or do you still believe that human nature continues to
run

run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

“ The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and, by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled, that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times: the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady, formerly, should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

“ In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft; and, though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly.” “ These were times, indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.”

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“ Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning Monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring Whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to Tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that, whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.”—Lord! Mrs. Quickly,” interrupted I, “ you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times: if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories.”

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house; and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.



A N E C D O T E

O F

C A P T A I N H A R D Y.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos-bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons, under the convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing, set sail, and made such expedition, that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then Admiral and Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the Captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the Admiral ordered Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance, "You have done, Sir," said he, "a very important piece of service to the Queen; you have added to the ho-

nour and riches of your country by your diligence; but, don't you know, that you are at this instant liable to be shot for quitting your station?"—

"He's unworthy to bear a commission under her Majesty," reply'd the Captain, "who holds his own life as aught, when the glory and interest of his Queen and country requires him to hazard it."

On this heroic answer, the Admiral dispatched him home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a Rear-Admiral.



A N E C D O T E

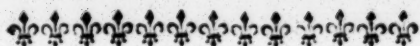
OF THE LATE

L O R D H Y N D F O R D.

THE late King of Prussia was remarkable all over Europe for an extravagant humour of supporting, at a vast expence, a regiment of the tallest men that could be picked up throughout the world; and would give a fellow of six feet and a half or more high, to list, perhaps eighty or a hundred guineas advance, besides the charge of bringing him from the farthest part of the globe,
if

if it so happened. One day when his Majesty was reviewing that regiment, attended by all the foreign Ambassadors and most of the great Officers of rank both in the court and army, he took occasion to ask the French Minister, who stood near him, If he thought his master had an equal number of troops in his service able to engage those gallant men? The Frenchman, who was no soldier, said, he believed not. The King, pleased with such a reply from a native of the vainest nation in the world, asked the Emperor's Ambassador the same question. The German frankly declared his opinion, that he did not believe there was such another regiment in the world. "Well, my Lord Hyndford," said his Majesty to the British Ambassador, "I know you have brave troops in England, but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat these?"—"I will not take upon me absolutely to say that," reply'd his Excellency, "but I dare be bold to say, that half their number would try."

SIR



SIR WILLIAM YOUNG

TO HIS LADY,

ON HAVING AN EYE BEAT OUT.

HOW vain are all the joys of man,
 By nature born to certain sorrow,
 Since none, not even the wisest, can
 Insure the pleasures of to-morrow.

These eyes, so late my envied boast,
 By Celia priz'd above all other,
 See one, alas! for ever lost,
 Its fellow weeping for its brother.

Yet still I'm blest while one remains
 For viewing lovely Celia's beauty,
 Her looks still ease acutest pains,
 With tenderest love, and cheerful duty.

Had I for her in battle strove,
 The fatal blow I'd borne with pleasure,
 And still, to prove my constant love,
 With joy I'd lose my single treasure.

Even

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

149

Even then the beauties of her mind
Would amply bless her faithful lover,
He must be deaf as well as blind,
Who can't my Celia's charms discover.

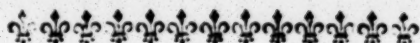
Even then I'd find one solid bliss,
Which heaven to me alone dispenses;
Tho' deaf and blind, her balmy kiss
Would ravish the remaining senses.



THE PEACH. AN EPIGRAM.

THIS lovely Peach I've kept with care,
For her who's fairest of the fair;
What beauteous tints its surface streak,
Faint emblem of my Clara's cheek.
What gales of exquisite perfume
From its ambrosial bosom come!
Yet well I ween its luscious taste
By Clara's lip is far surpass.
Beauty and sweetness here are join'd,
Like Clara's person and her mind.

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THE GENIUS OF LOVE.

AN ALLEGORY.

[BY DR. GOLDSMITH.]

FROM the vernal softness of the air in Britain, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here Love may sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel upon gales wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and when a couple are now to be married, mutual love or an union of minds is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they, who have fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands—at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers

officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions. But of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act (the marriage act) in that case wisely made and provided.

Thus we find the Europeans discouraging Love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The Genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The Genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling reliques, as instances of his former residence and favour.

The Genius of Love, says the eastern apologue, had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquility. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprized the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

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And first the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes of the most beautiful silk hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and pluck'd eye-brows were, however, alledged by the Genius against them; but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which after some time seemed rather to satiate than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions, and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms: but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers; they seemed to give, rather than receive courtship; and the Genius of Love dismissed them as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

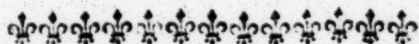
The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-born breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions
were

were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express, and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside amongst them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind.— Their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to shew, that beauty could be perfect even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida, with well scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Cafraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the Genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention. They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words, "House in town—settlement—and pin-money." These seemingly harmless terms had in-

stantly a surprising effect : the Genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those etherial mansions from whence he descended.



T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

A L C A N D E R A N D S E P T I M I U S :

T A K E N F R O M A B Y Z A N T I N E H I S T O R I A N .

[B Y D R . G O L D S M I T H .

A T H E N S , long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The Emperors and the Generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time, added to its buildings, or encreased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number ; he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which
avaricious

avaricious Governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together; the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia shewed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent

imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians by this means soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, he, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the State, and was constituted the City Judge, or Prætor.

Mean while Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely
given

given her up, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, or his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stript of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

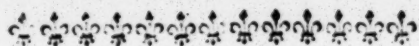
A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the Judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without

without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the Prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger. In short, he was obliged to take up his lodgings in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and virtue found, on this flinty couch, more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further enquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcantar was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falshood, and cruelty, and was determined

to make no defence. Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the Judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long lost, lov'd Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve."



A N
AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE
OF THE
RUSSIAN EXPEDITION
AGAINST
THE TURKS
BY SEA AND LAND,

Containing every material circumstance of their proceedings, from their first sailing from Petersburg to the destruction of the TURKISH FLEET in the Archipelago. Compiled from several authentic Journals, by an OFFICER on board the RUSSIAN FLEET.

WE have here an authentic, as well as curious narrative, evidently written by a British Officer serving in the Russian fleet, who, in a dedication to the Earl of Effingham, appeals to his Lordship

Lordship for the truth of his account, this gallant Nobleman having (as he observes) not only been a witness to almost every important transaction of the fleet, but a judicious observer of the particular conduct of the officers. The author's narrative commences with the sailing of the Russian squadron, under Admiral Spiritdoff, in the Summer 1769.

The events here recorded of this astonishing expedition are equally striking and important, particularly that memorable one, the total destruction of the whole Turkish fleet in the Bay of Chiesma, July 7, 1770. There is one anecdote in particular, with the perusal of which every one must be greatly affected.

In describing the engagement between the Russian and Turkish fleets, so fatal to the latter, he relates the following incident which ensued from the desperate conflict between the Admirals ships, in which both perished, under the most shocking circumstances attending that horrible kind of warfare. Admiral Spiritdoff's ship being blow up, and all on board, amounting to 750 men, killed, except Spiritdoff himself, Count Orloff, and 25 other persons; the Turk was also destroyed by the same conflagration, with 1200 men on board, very few of whom were saved, in endeavouring to escape from the rage of one element by plunging into the other.

In this scene of distress and horror, the gallant Captain of the Turkish Admiral behaved with the utmost bravery and fortitude, and was one of the last that left the ship.—“ His hard fate (says our humane writer) will never be erased from my memory,

mory, and I shall make no apology for giving it a place in this narrative.

" We were near the Turkish wreck, and counted thirty souls upon it: at the same time we saw a Greek vessel near it, firing grape-shot at the Turks on shore, which made them retreat with great precipitation, and prevented them, for some time, from annoying us with their fire.

" Lieutenant Mackenzie came along-side our boat, and told us he had taken up a man, who called himself the Captain of the Admiral Bashaw's ship, who was going to be thrown over-board. I most earnestly requested he would deliver him up to my care; he answered, that the Count Orloff had given orders not to save one Turk: I replied, he must be misinformed; that it was impossible an order, so inconsistent with humanity, could come from his Excellency, who had the distinguished character of a brave officer, and a man of liberal sentiments; and that Admiral Elphinston's orders were to save all we could.

" During this altercation, I often beheld this unhappy Gentleman, who was sensible he was the subject of our discourse. He was shot through the right arm and left leg, naked, and a prisoner; yet in this situation he preserved that noble air and manner, so superior to all those about him, as convinced me that he was a man of distinction. He seemed greatly interested in our dispute, and made me understand, by the most expressive looks, that he knew I was pleading for his life.

" But, alas! my pleadings were in vain; for just as I had reason to think the humanity of the Lieutenant would give up the point, and yield to
my

my request, a Greek boat came up with us. Unfortunately one of them knowing the Turk from the others, by a particular lock of hair, leaped suddenly into the boat, and pushed him into the sea. Another at the same time fired his musket at him—the ball grazed deeply between his shoulders—my heart was pierced at this scene of barbarity. I ordered our boat from them that instant, calling out to him in French, “Come to me, and be assured of protection.” This gave him new vigour. He turned immediately, held up his right hand above the water, first kissing it, in token of acknowledgment for my intention to save him. He swam towards us with all his might, and my men pulled hard to meet him. I ran to the bow of the boat to take him in; but whilst I had him by the hand, a cowardly Lieutenant, who, during the heat of the engagement, I found hid behind the capstern, on the lower gun-deck, and drove with my sword to his duty, insensible to the feelings of humanity, this detested villain ordered one of the soldiers to fire on him; the ball very luckily missed me, but unhappily went through his neck. His countenance immediately changed from a pleasing complacency, filled with hope, to that of the most stern and expressive contempt: snatching his hand from mine, he plunged again into the waves. All my soul was shocked at this more than savage insensibility.

“I was greatly distressed lest he should think I had betrayed him; but my anxiety was soon removed—I saw him again, and kept my eyes fixed upon him—he kissed his hand once more, and gave me every other proof in his power, by which
I might

I might understand, that he was sensible how desirous I was of saving him—he turned, and seemed resolved to try for shore.”

What became of this unfortunate Turkish gentleman, after our author lost sight of him, is not said; but there is no room for hope that he did not perish in the general destruction of the day; the Russians having been provoked, by the firing from the shore, to shoot or knock on the head all the unhappy wretches who escaped from the burning wreck of the Turkish Admiral, and endeavoured to save their lives by swimming.



*Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear :
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtles breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.*

SHAKESPEARE.

AS I was walking the other evening, through a street not far from the Hay-market, I observed a concourse of people collected together; joy was visible in every countenance, which tempted me, though not naturally of a curious disposition, to enquire the cause. I was soon informed, by one of the mob, that they had caught a thief, and were going to take him before a Justice.

Justice. Being naturally of a humane disposition, I can never see an object of this kind without concern; and when I returned home, I could not help making it a subject of meditation.

“The poor man, said I, has many enemies; if he commits a fault, let it be ever so small, every body is in arms against him; though want, that hungry, meagre fiend, might have forced him to be guilty of the crime. How many a well-meaning person have we seen, driven by the distress of poverty to take part of his neighbour’s substance; for which he is dragged before an unfeeling Judge, who may, perhaps, have been guilty of a thousand much worse crimes, and by him sent to prison, there to wait for his trial, on which he will most probably be transported, for endeavouring to relieve the distress of a poor family starving in want, by means which the Judge that condemned him would have been guilty of, had he felt the like distress? Who, that is not lost to all the feelings of humanity, can bear to see famine prey upon his family; to hear his children calling for bread, while their mother, scarce capable of supporting herself under her troubles, in vain attempts to stop their little cries; in vain calls on her husband for relief; and even implores the assistance of death, to relieve her from the miseries that surround her?”

It is easy for a person, whose wants are supplied, in imagination to hear distress, and still to act according to the strictest rules of justice; but when, instead of the imaginary evil, he feels the real one, he will find that there is a much greater difference between speculation and action than he imagined.

imagined. Human nature, in whatever situation it is placed, is human nature still; nor can there be any person whose virtue is so strong as to prevent him, when almost starving, from committing the crime (if it may in this case be called a crime) of endeavouring to relieve his distresses, by robbing of his neighbour. For the preservation of society, it is, I allow, necessary that crimes, even of the smaller kind, should be punished. All that I would wish is, that they may be punished with mercy; that those who are in office would take pains to distinguish between the artful, designing villain, and those unhappy persons who are, by the numerous distresses that attend poverty, necessitated to commit those crimes. In an affair of this kind, it certainly cannot be inconsistent with justice to forgive and to assist. How many instances do we meet with every day in this metropolis, of persons who are forced to rob, in order to relieve those distresses, from which they have, in vain, attempted to extricate themselves by labour, and the assistance of the charitable? Among the many that are to be found, I shall mention one, that I met with not long ago.

I was accosted in Piccadilly by a poor man, who desired charity, assuring me he was the father of a family, who were then ready to die for want. The manner in which the man asked my charity had something so very particular, that it could not fail of exciting my attention. My reflection on it was the cause of my being for some time silent; which he interpreted as a refusal, heaved a sigh, and left me. I called him back; a faint smile overspread his countenance at the hopes of being relieved.

relieved. He was a good-looking man; young, tho' emaciated: I desired to know in what part of the town he lived: he answered me in the most grateful manner; and, upon my expressing a desire to see his family, conducted me to a cellar near the Seven Dials.

The first object that attracted my attention, upon entering the cellar, was the poor woman lying on the ground, not even a wisp of straw to cover her: her countenance was pale, her eyes sunk, the cloaths which she had on were not able to preserve her from the cold. Upon my entrance she attempted to rise, and at last, with some difficulty, got half up; her weakness however overcame her, and she fell back to the ground. Three or four children, I could hardly tell which (for there was no light but what came from an oyster-woman's lamp) were lying in different parts of the room, in the same miserable situation. I do not remember I was ever so much affected before: I gave the man some money, and ordered him to go and get some necessaries for his family; he went, and soon returned with what I ordered. It was, however, with no small difficulty that he got his wife or children to eat; they seemed to be past human assistance. When he had given each part of what he had bought, in which I offered him what assistance I could, I asked him what brought him to that miserable situation? He said, he was a journeyman Book-binder; that he came to town for work, which not being able to meet with, he was obliged, in order to support his family, to sell some instruments that he brought with him; that when the money, which he had procured for these, was

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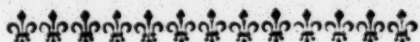
spent,

spent, he had nothing left but to ply about the streets for charity. What he had this way was, for some time past, his only subsistence, which had been barely sufficient for keeping them from starving. Having unfortunately, for these last two or three weeks, not met with his usual success, and finding that it was out of his power to procure subsistence for his family, he was at last driven to despair, and was resolved, if fortune had not thrown me in the way, that very evening to try some desperate method, in which, in all probability, as he must be a novice in the way, he would have been taken and sent to prison, unable to assist his family, who must inevitably have perished.

Wouldst thou, O reader, in this poor man's situation, couldst thou refrain from robbing? Think fairly: suppose thou wast driven to distress like this; no friend to assist thee;—in vain thou triest to get something by begging in the streets. Was it but thyself, possibly thou mightest bear it; but couldst thou bear to see thy wife, her who had so often taken pains to make thee happy; couldst thou bear to see her pine for want? couldst thou bear to think that she must feel the distress of famine? Thy children in vain imploring thy assistance, in vain asking for food? And yet how many thousands do we see punished in this situation?

People in high stations seldom reflect upon the miseries of others, who are deprived of the necessities of life; could they but feel a few of the many miseries which some poor people are necessitated to bear, they would surely devote some part of their time and fortune in searching for, and relieving real objects of charity.

CHARACTER



C H A R A C T E R

O F A

MIGHTY GOOD KIND OF MAN.

I HAVE always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, Good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You

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observe

observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent, with a "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal, and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sun-shine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South-East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend
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any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mama's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person he met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found, he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir:" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the
other

other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow, he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the University he never failed attending his Tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even, placid turn of mind, has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

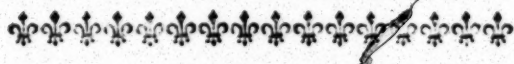
We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable

putable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise intitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attornies supply him with special pleadings, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a Chancellor, or an Archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the Medical College in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much, as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this KIND of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect

pest to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these KIND of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman.



C H A R A C T E R

O F A

MIGHTY GOOD SORT OF WOMAN.

I SUPPOSE the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without

without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart; yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever pitying one person, and sorry for another. She is a great dealer in BUTS, and IFS, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a "may be," and "I'll say no more," than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families; and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in
Y a party

a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases; she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, " 'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised.

used. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for "dressing at the men," as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any comers after them, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male-cousin, be suffered to visit them.

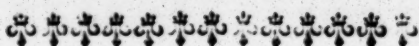
A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths; and they look upon the whole bench of Bishops to be very Jews in comparison to these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, tho' she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her half-pence to every common beggar, particularly at the church-door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six-pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged

ed her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies—but—she has done with them;—other people will find them out as well as herself;—that's all the harm she wishes them."—

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation of life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love to God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is

ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is—a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is a mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.



Of the EXPEDIENTS to get rid of TIME.

THE several busy actions of men, and the perpetual means they contrive to find themselves employment, are only so many arts to get rid of life without dying. We are in haste to get over the present moment, and grasping at something future, which, when it comes, will also cloy us. We grow weary of an instant enjoyment, after we had, perhaps, passionately longed for it: and conceive pleasure in the prospect of one at a distance; but when we have overtaken it, it grows tasteless, and, as contradictory as it may seem, discontent arises from gratification. Thus our life lies in hope, and is in a restless succession of satiety and desire.

But though experience shews us the vanity and emptiness of our wishes, we are for ever starting and indulging new ones, with as little success; and our hopes and desires, though they are continually baffled, are for all that continually rising. The greatest Prince lives as much upon expectation as the meanest slave; and, as he has fewer things to wish for, as being already master of all things, he is the more unhappy person of the two; especially if he carries in his bosom the restless sting of ambition. Though he commands every thing in his own territory, yet he cannot enjoy it, because it is his; and so with great slaughter and violence

violence makes a prey of his neighbour's property, which yet does not pall his appetite for more.

The great business, therefore, and hurry of the world, is nothing else but diversion, and a way of wasting the time; and Princes go to war as they do to a hunting-match, to keep themselves in exercise. Great men strive for scepters and white slaves, as children do for whistles and bells, only to play with them; and when they plague and harraß mankind about these their baubles, they do it but to entertain themselves. The mischief and misery of the world is, to one of these mighty infants, no more than a matter of mirth and amusement. To Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Hannibal, and the like children of blood, fighting was like a game at tennis-ball; and when they were men, they rode upon provinces, as they did upon hobby-horses, when they were boys. But whether in infancy or age, an impatience to stand still and be quiet begot both these different exercises. Cutting of throats is as much a piece of sport to a warrior, as playing at marbles is to a child. The over-running of provinces, and the plundering of nations, are to him but taking of the air; and he kills, burns, and ravages to pass away the time.

There is nothing more ridiculous in men, or argues greater ignorance of themselves, than to be crying, as they frequently do, we will do such a thing, or such a thing, and then have done. Alas! there is no stopping the progress of the passions without extinguishing life; a fire will as soon burn without air. While there is life there will be desires; and these being of things to come, it is impossible to confine them to the present instant, or
any

any stated point of time: we cannot say to them, Thus far go, and no further, since progression is necessary to their existence. There is no medium between death and motion; and when we cease to proceed, we cease to be.

To be doing, therefore, is a consequence of living; and idleness is but a deliberation of what is to be done next. Old men are generally blamed for laying platforms and foundations of great works and buildings, which they cannot live to see finished; but I think the censure is groundless, since by this means they cut out certain business and entertainment for themselves, and open a source of perpetual new action and observation, and consequently of new pleasure. Such lasting projects are therefore proper methods to keep up and encourage expectation, which is the food and relief of life. Our whole delight is in proceeding.

Besides, these gentlemen who turn undertakers when it is grown late in life, do seldom or never consider, that they must depart and leave their schemes unexecuted: they think they have got a knack of living; and as every man is apt to prefer himself to all the rest, he is also apt to flatter himself with the hopes of better fortune, and longer life, than any other enjoys.

There was a gentleman in Devonshire, who, after he was four score, planted in a field a row of walnut-trees, which, it seems, do not bear fruit in many years after they are set: and when a neighbour told him that the boys would steal all the nuts, "Oh," says old eighty, "let me alone to deal with the boys." And Mr. Hobbs, in the ninetyeth year of his age, made him a warm winter-coat,

coat, which he said must last him three years, and then he would have such another.

The famous dialogue between Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, and Cineas, his prime counsellor, is full of instruction, and excellently sets forth the restless spirit of man.

"What, Sir, do you propose in this expedition against the Romans?" says Cineas. "To conquer all Italy," answered Pyrrhus. "And what next?" says the counsellor. "Then we will transport our army into Sicily, and make that kingdom our own," replied his majesty. "And what is to be done then?" continued Cineas. "Then," quoth the hero, "we will sail to Africa, and bring the country under subjection." "And what remains to be done after that?" says the statesman. "Why then," says the monarch, "we will sit down and be merry." "And what hinders us, I beseech you, Sir, from doing so now?" said Cineas.

What answer the King gave to this last question, is either not said, or I have forgot; but it is certain he made fighting his constant diversion to the last gasp, and never came an inch nearer to that same merry hour, which he proposed as the heroic end and issue of all his bravery and battles. He was knocked on the head in an assault upon the city of Argos, and so died in his calling.

Many are the arts and devices practised by weak mortals to dispatch their time: they are equally impatient of idleness and action; every hour is a burden, and they must be doing somewhat to make them forget that they are tired; and when the expedient itself grows also tiresome, as it soon

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does,

docs, then they try another. Thus they go on in an eternal round of curiosity and weariness, and subsist upon looking forward.

The methods of wearing away our days are as various as the humours and capacities of mankind. Some, as has been observed before, lead armies; some disturb the public in a civil way; some make speeches; and some pick their teeth. Snuff has got great and universal reputation this way, and the takers of it can recreate their whole body with a little labour of the fingers and the nose. I know an eminent serjeant at law, who finds curious diversion in drawing a string through his fingers, and tying knots upon it; and most of his learned brethren keep themselves in practice by stroking down the sides of their perukes with remarkable gravity. The ladies divert themselves with tea, and slander, and visits, and their fans, and several other amusements, about which I shall say nothing. There are some few of both sexes, who find devotion as good a stratagem as any to shake off time, and so make piety a considerable diversion. With others, gaming is in great repute, for wasting their money, and their time, with wonderful facility. About the Royal Exchange, tricking and over-reaching are notable and approved cures for laziness; but at Court, there are no means known or practised.

Since therefore people will be ever doing something, the best advice I can give them is, that while they are amusing themselves they do not prejudice others. It is contrary to reason and religion, that one man should reap sorrow from the recreation of another. Every one has a title to
make

make himself happy, provided he does it at no one's expence but his own. Innocent diversions, though ever so trifling, are lawful; and we have a right upon these terms to rejoice in our own folly. And whoever thinks to be severe upon it, will find, that those animadversions can do the world but little good, which are made upon trifles that do it no hurt.



THE LADLE.

THE Sceptics think, 'twas long ago
 Since Gods came down incognito,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose:
 That since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a-spinning,
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain:
 And frankly leave us human elves,
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
 To stand or walk, or rise or tumble,
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold
 This THESIS both absurd and bold;
 And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day;
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing:

For when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions, and our verse,
 'Tis not by dint of human thought
 That to his LATIUM he is brought;
 IRIS descends by fate's commands,
 To guide his steps thro' foreign lands;
 And AMPHITRITE clears his way
 From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch;
 (Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)
 He shows not half his force and strength,
 Strutting in armour, and at length:
 That he may take his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
 The NYMPHS conduct him to the field;
 One holds his sword, and one his shield:
 MARS standing by asserts his quarrel:
 And FAME flies after with a laurel:

These points, I say, of speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute:
 Each mighty angry, mighty right;
 With equal arms sustains the fight;
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em;
 So both drew off, and sing TE DEUM.

Is it in EQUILIBRIO,
 If deities descend or no?
 Then let th' affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale:
 For by all parties 'tis confess'd,
 That those opinions are the best,
 Which in their nature most conduce,
 To present ends, and private use.

Two Gods came therefore from above,
One MERCURY, the other JOVE:
The humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us;
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a God or Goddess
Exerts no supernatural pow'rs,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the fields were lowing;
Good grain was sow'd; good fruit was growing:
Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented:
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life;
Had struggl'd with the marriage noose,
As almost ev'ry couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

Our

Our Gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way;
 And ask'd them civilly to stay:
 Told 'em for supper, or for bed
 They might go on, and be worse sped.—

So said, so done; the Gods consent:
 All three into the parlour went:
 They compliment; they sit; they chat;
 Fight o'er the wars; reform the state;
 A thousand knotty points they clear;
 Till supper and my wife appear.

JOVE made his leg, and kiss'd the dame:
 Obsequious HERMES did the same.
 JOVE kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say,
 He did—but in an honest way:
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
 With which he kiss'd AMPHITRION's wife.—

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous wou'd appear;
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
 JOVE thought it time to show his play:
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive,

Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes ev'n Gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this Thesis plainer proof,
 You have to night beneath your roof
 A pair of Gods: (nay never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm JUPITER, and he MERCURIUS,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam;
 And sure, as you already had 'em,
 The things desir'd in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great Gods, the woman says:
 Oh! may your altars ever blaze.
 A ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.—
 A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
 Odzooks, CORSICA, you have pray'd ill:
 What should be great, you turn to farce:
 I wish the ladle in your a——.

With equal grief and shame my muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues:
 The ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old CORSICA's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last.
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the ladle out again.

M O R A L.

This commoner has worth and parts,
 Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
 His head aches for a coronet:
 And who is blest'd that is not great?

Some

Some sense, and more estate, kind heav'n
 To this well-lotted Peer has given :
 What then ? He must have rule and sway ;
 And all is wrong, till he's in play.
 The miser must make up his plumb,
 And dares not touch the hoarded sum :
 The sickly dotard wants a wife,
 To draw off his last drops of life.

Against our peace we arm our will :
 Amidst our plenty, something still
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
 That cruel something unpossess'd
 Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
 That something, if we could obtain,
 Would soon create a future pain :
 And to the coffin from the cradle,
 'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.



THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A T A L E.

A FARMER once to London went,
 To pay the worthy 'squire his rent :
 He comes—he knocks—soon entrance gains,
 Who at the door such guest detains ?
 Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart ;
 “ Farmer, you're welcome to my heart :
 You've brought my rent then ?—To a hair.
 The best of tenants, I declare.”

The

The stew'rd was call'd, th' accounts made even,
 The money paid, receipt was given.
 " Well, quoth the 'squire, now you shall stay,
 And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;
 I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
 And pleasant sparks, I'll warrant will fit ye."
 He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
 And said, ' No zur, two words to that ;
 For look, d'ye see, when ize do dine,
 With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
 I use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
 In deed, and word, zome plag'y blunder ;
 Zo, if your honour will permit,
 I'll with your zervants pick a bit.'—
 " Poh, said the 'squire, it shan't be done,"
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting maid or butler 'scapes.
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great ;
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By madam serv'd, with body bended,
 With knife and fork, and arms extended,
 He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
 To plate that over-hung the table.
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops.
 To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to JOHN behind.
 When drank to in the modish way,
 ' Your love's sufficient zur,' he'd say ;
 And to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honours.

A a

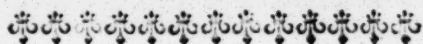
" Pish,

" Pish, says the 'squire, pray keep your setting ;"
 ' No, no, he cries, zur, 'tis not vitting :
 Tho' I'm no scholard vars'd in letters,
 I knows my duty to my betters.'
 Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board.
 Thus the first course was ended—well !
 But at the next—ah ! what befell.
 The dishes now were timely plac'd,
 And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
 When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
 A wag, to carry on the joke,
 Thus to his servant softly spoke ;
 ' Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
 And pull away the farmer's chair.'
 'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
 Draws back, and stoops to set him down ;
 But by posteriors over-weigh'd,
 And by his trusty seat betray'd,
 As men at twigs in river sprawling,
 He catch'd the cloth to save his falling.
 In vain—sad fortune ! down he's wallow'd.
 And rattling all the dishes follow'd.
 The foolings lost their little wits,
 The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits.
 Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
 And there minc'd pyes, and geese, and pigeons.
 A pear-pye on his belly drops,
 A custard-pudding met his chops.
 Lord ! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux,
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their cloaths :
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown ;

One

One spark bemoans bespatter'd waistcoat,
 One, Rot him, cries, he's spoil'd my lac'd coat.
 Amidst the rout, the farmer long
 The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue.
 At length he gets him on his breech,
 And scrabbles up to make a speech;
 First scrapes eyes, mouth, and nostrils twangs,
 Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
 'Plague tak't, ize told ye how 'wou'd be,
 Luck here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see;
 And some, I'll warrant, that makes this chatter,
 Have cloathers daub'd with greas and butter,
 That cost—He had gone on—but here
 Was flopt at once in his career.
 '—Peace, brute! begone, the ladies cry;
 The beaux exclaim, Fly, rascal, fly—
 I'll tear his eyes out, squeaks miss DOLLY,
 I'll pink his soul out, roars a bully.—
 At this the farmer thrinks for fear,
 And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
 Shabs off, and cries, Ah! kill me then,
 Whene'er you catch me here again.
 So home he jogs, and leaves the 'quire
 To cool the sparks and ladies ire.
 Here ends my tale, and now I'll try,
 Like PRIOR, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
 Ne'er to place men above their station:
 And this may shew the wanton wit,
 That whilst he bites, he may be bit.



THE WIFE. A FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and sweeten life,
 And form that soft companion, call'd a Wife;
 Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
 The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.

Hail, lovely Woman! nature's blessing, hail!
 Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
 Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
 To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
 What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
 Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
 The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor surveys,
 Alternative, joyless nights and lonesome days:
 No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
 No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
 Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
 Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
 Not so the man, to whom indulgent heaven
 That tender bosom-friend, a Wife, has given:
 Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
 No secret checks of guilt his joys allay:
 No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
 No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child;
 No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
 The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
 Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
 To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
 Or

Or does she frown? The fair, with softening art,
Will sooth our woes, or bear a willing part.

“ But are all women of the soothing kind?

“ In chusing wives no hazard shall we find?

“ Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate molest?

“ And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?

Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is FIDELIA, fairest, fondest wife;
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.

Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among,
FIDELIA dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;
Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease express'd.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

Amongst the neighbouring youths who strove to
gain FIDELIA's heart, LYSANDER made his ad-
dresses. He was a younger brother, of a good
family, but small fortune. His person was hand-
some and genteel, his manners easy and engaging.
With these advantages he soon obtained a place in
young FIDELIA's heart; and, as her fortune,
which was very considerable, was in her own dis-
posal, there was no obstacle to their happiness;
with

with all the eloquence of a lover, he pressed the consummation of his wishes, a tender softness pleads within her breast, she yields to the force of his persuasions, and they are married.

Who can express the pleasures which they now enjoy? To make her happy seemed the scope of all his actions, and such a growing fondness warmed her heart, that every day endeared him more and more. The fortune which she brought, he managed with prudence and discretion; and the pleasure which he found in her sweet behaviour, and enchanting beauties, repaid his cares with interest. Thus flew the hours, winged with delight; the day passed not without some new endearment: and the night felt nameless raptures, or serene repose.

Before the end of two years their loves were crowned with a smiling boy. If any thing could encrease their fondness of each other, 'twas this engaging pledge of their affection. But, alas! how variable is the heart of man! how easily are his passions inflamed! how soon his best affections altered! and reason, which should be his guide, is but as the light of a candle, which the least gust of passion can puff out, and quite extinguish. Of this unhappy truth, **LYSANDER** soon became a fatal instance.

It happened at this time, whether by accident or design, I know not, that a creature of exquisite beauty, but of infamous character, came to lodge exactly over against the house of this, till then, most happy pair. As **LYSANDER** was not only possess'd of a handsome person, but now also of an ample fortune, immediately a thousand arts were
tried

tried by this enveigling harlot, to attract his observation, and if possible to ensnare his heart. At her window, in his sight, she would appear in a loose and tempting dishabille. Now in a seeming negligence discover white her naked breasts, then with a leering smile pretend to hide them from his sight. Her wanton eyes, all sparkling with delight, she now would fix with eagerness upon him; then in a soft and languishing air by slow degrees withdraw, yet looking back as loath to leave the place.

As **LYSANDER** had too much experience of the world, not to understand this amorous language, so his heart was too susceptible of the tender passion, not to feel its force. And unable to withstand the daily repetition of these provoking temptations, he at last determined to go over privately one evening and make her a visit. It will be needless to say he was kindly received, how kindly, will be better imagined than expressed. Here had he stopped, this one transgression might have been forgiven: but such was his infatuation, that from this time his visits became frequent; he was so intoxicated with her charms (for indeed she was handsome) and so bewitched with her alluring blandishments, that the modest beauty of his fair and virtuous wife became at once neglected, and at length despised.

Poor **FIDELIA**! who can express the agonies of her heart when first the fatal secret she discovered? Conscious on how many accounts she merited his love, pride and resentment for some time struggled with her affection; but such was the softness of her nature, such the tenderness of her passion, that she was not able to reproach him any other way
but

but by a silent grief. Alone she pined, and like a lily in the secret vale drooped her fair head, unfriended and unseen. Of what must be his heart, that such endearing softness could not melt, that such engaging virtue shamed not into goodness! But such is the nature of vice, that it hardens the heart to all humane and generous impressions. At first, perhaps, his virtue made some efforts in her favour; but the trouble it cost him to suppress them when the rage of his new-kindled flame returned, made him by degrees unwilling to indulge them. Thus endeavouring to smother all remains of gratitude or compassion, he became at length as insensible to her grief as to her wrongs.

Barbarian! how canst thou lavish on abandoned villainess, that wealth, which love and unsuspecting virtue trusted to thy hand! how canst thou leave that angel sweetness, that untainted rose, for paint, polluted charms, and prostitution! how canst thou see thy tender innocent babe suck with its milk those grief-distilling drops, that fall incessant on her snowy breast, for thy unkind neglect! Unfeeling wretch! But what is man not capable to do, when blind with passion, hardened with his guilt? Alas! this is but the beginning of her woes; and nothing to the grief this hapless fair one is ordained to suffer. Indifference is soon succeeded by ill nature and ill usage. He now no longer makes a secret of his base intrigue. Whole days and nights are spent in her lewd chambers, shameless and open in the sight of the world, and in the very face of his insulted, injured, unoffending wife.

But this was not enough. Home, and the sight
of

of this affronted, yet still patient virtue, became uneasy and disgustful. He is therefore determined to remove her from him. But the means of bringing this about were as infamous, as the desire of doing it was cruel. His valet de chambre, whose name was Craven, had lived with him some years, and was a man whom he found to be capable of any villany he should think fit to employ him in. This man he prevailed with, by large gifts and many promises, to conceal himself in FIDELIA's bed-chamber, and continue there, said he to him, till after she is in bed; when I will come in and pretend to surprize you with her; and in the confusion which will follow, do you slip out of the room, and make your escape. This detestable scheme was no sooner concerted, than it was put in execution. He that very evening found means to hide himself in the chamber of this innocent lady, who at her usual hour repaired to rest. After committing herself to heaven, and with a shower of tears bewailing her hard fate, she closed her eyes in sleep. Protect her, heaven, support her in this hour, when he who should protect and support her, is basely undermining and betraying her!

Sleep had no sooner closed her grief-swoln eyes, than her husband rushed into the chamber, and with feigned rage and frightful imprecations demanded the adulterer. Surprised with terror and astonishment she started from her sleep, and in a trembling voice desired to know the occasion of his anger. He gave no answer to her entreaties, but continued his pretended rage, sought every corner of the room, and from beneath the bed at

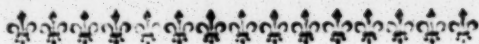
length pulled out the hidden traitor. This unexpected sight, and the appearance of so shocking a discovery, so terrified the poor amazed FIDELIA, that, for a time, her senses seemed suspended. While thus her husband: Is this, madam, the truth, the purity which you so much pretended! Is this your innocence! Is this the secret idol of your false devotion! Dissembling harlot! I long indeed have had suspicions what you were, at last I have pulled off the mask, and my pretended saint is now detected. O heaven and earth! cried out FIDELIA, do you then believe me guilty! do you believe I know aught of this vile man! that I encouraged, or that I concealed him! Suspected what I am! good heaven, what am I? am I not your wife? would to God I were not! O LYSANDER, there needed not this; my heart before was broke, why would you murder too my innocence? Your innocence! returned the brute; and have you the assurance after this to talk of innocence? no, no, madam, I will not murder your innocence, the law shall do you justice. Saying this, he turned from her and was going to leave the room; when falling on her knees, and catching hold of his coat, in broken accents and a flood of tears, she thus address'd him. O LYSANDER, O my dear husband! if yet it is permitted me to call you by that name, let me entreat, nay beg upon my knees, you will not thus expose my yet untainted name to public infamy, nor let the leprous blast of scandal-bearing tongues make foul my spotless honour. I shall not long stand in the way of your pleasures; my bursting heart can hold but very little while: O let me leave the world unblemished!

unblemished! then I shall die in peace, and my last parting breath shall bless and call you kind. But if I must not, as I sadly fear, I must not stay; O let me in some friendly darksome night, when not an eye can see me, steal from your house, my infant in my arms, and wandering to some lonely hutt, or distant village, die there unknown in silent grief, for I will never complain, and save you the reproach of having used me thus.

This last proposal was the very thing he wished; so turning to her with a scornful look, he told her she might take her brat and go whither she would, as soon as she pleased; then breaking rudely from her, left her on the floor. What language can express the agonies she felt at this hard usage! she rose from the floor where his barbarity had left her, and putting on the meanest cloaths she had, went to the bed where lay her sleeping babe, kissed and wept over it for some time, then took it in her arms, and laying it to her breast, departed from her house that very night.

Here for the present let us leave this poor unhappy wanderer, with providence her sole guide, and innocence her comfort; and turn to see what punishment will be prepared for her perfidious and inhuman husband. Now unrestrained he lived with his lewd paramour in all the heights of luxury and extravagance, and every pleasure for a while appeared to wait on his command. But soon her wanton waste and boundless riot brought him to misery and distress.

* * * * *



An ESSAY in praise of GOOD LIVING.

THE pleasure which comes from the gratification of any appetite, bears proportion to the force or feebleness of that appetite: and it is very lucky and providential that it thus happens; for if the same agreeable sensations which are occasioned by a compliance with the demands of nature, and are, in health, so quick and exquisite, did continue with us in time of sickness, we should be apt to indulge them, and by clogging the wheels of life, put an end to it: but disorders taking off the edge of appetite, nature is at leisure to rescue itself from a present grievance.

To humour nature is necessary; and to follow her as far as she will go without a spur, is lawful; but to provoke her, when she grows rusty, to new employments, to cram her after satiety, is madness and self-murder. The root of this vice is in the imagination; for our fancy belyes our abilities, making them greater than they are, and we take its word, and are led by flattering inclinations into continual pursuits of new pleasure, which end in disappointment or pain. When therefore our desires out-run our strength, it is high time to rebuke them.

I design this as a preface to a dissertation upon eating, which I have chosen for the subject of my present essay.

“ I was

“ I was acquainted” (says a merry fellow of my acquaintance) “ with a venerable father of the Popish church beyond sea, who was remarkable for two things : a great flock of faith, and as great a stomach. He believed all the lying miracles of their saints, and eat all the capons within seven miles of him. This reverend glutton had already, by the incessant industry of his grinders, built himself three stories of chin, and laid the foundation of a fourth, when I met him one morning exceedingly dejected, and woefully out of humour : How now, dear devourer, said I to him, why so gloomy ? is the pantry empty, or does the spit stand still ? He told me, no ; their kitchen was warm, and their table well loaded, and they had choice and plenty thrice a-day, and often, even four times a-day. Why then, said I, in the name of beads and holy water, my most religious father, in what branch of gluttony doth thy grief consist ? for I know, if those catholic guts of thine prosper, neither heaven nor earth can disturb thee. Why, says he, wiping his eyes, and fetching a great sigh, in my mind a man should always be eating.”

Now, though I do not think that a man should be always filling himself, and growing in grease, according to the laudable principle and practice of this holy and reverend friar, who by his trade had little else to do but gormandize, yet I freely allow there is a good deal of pleasure in eating ; and I fancy he that should set up to live without it, would soon make a slender figure, and be forced, in a short time, either to resume the use of his teeth, or die a lean martyr to abstinence.

Temperance is the mid-way between gluttony
and

and fasting, and neither permits us to suffocate our senses on the one hand, nor to emaciate our bodies on the other hand. One extreme makes us stupid, and the other peevish. The first renders us unfit to act at all, the second makes us fanciful, and consequently to act wrong. If there be any preference, it lies on the side of luxury; for who would not rather be useless or sleepy, than ill-natured and whimsical?

Fasting being practised by holy men of old, as a means to recommend their prayers and themselves to the acceptance of heaven, all churches have come into the use of it, either at stated times, or occasionally. But, now-a-days, though the name remains, the thing is much laid aside: and on Wednesdays and Fridays, beef, mutton, and poultry are in as good repute as at other times. There are indeed some, who, with the necessary help of a good breakfast in the morning, are now and then piously disposed to fast till the evening, and then, by eating a double meal, beg pardon of their appetite for their godliness, and sacrifice to their belly, for having sinned against it. In short, this generation, whether they have consulted carnal reason, or the example of their teachers, I cannot tell, seem to be of opinion, that God Almighty can have no pleasure in beholding his creatures ill-favoured and hide-bound; and it must be owned, that his ministers, in every country, keep themselves so plump, and in such good case, as if they placed but little devotion in the griping of the guts.

As there is a sensible and necessary pleasure attending the performance of every office of nature, it is impossible to satisfy hunger without it; and they

they contradict common sense and experience, and themselves into the bargain, who make it a crime; and those who make it a duty to eat without delight, must starve before they can practise their own precept. A gentleman in the army told me some time ago, that while he was in Scotland, being entertained at a gentleman's table, he happened to commend highly a dish of fish, which tasted very deliciously; but an austere parson of the kirk, who was present, taking it for a sign of reprobation, that he was pleased with his victuals; "Sir," quoth he to the officer, "while you pamper the flesh, I wish you do not starve the inward man; the soul is not fed at the mouth, and you ought not to lust after the food which perisheth." The Colonel told me, that this short sermon, when he was minding better things, made him stare; "But," says he, "perceiving that my ghostly adviser was two yards round the middle, I assured him, I would be admonished by his example; for I saw by his tabernacle his food did not perish; and then took t'other cut."

I have often observed, that eating is a rare help to good humour. I knew an old fellow, who, from his first getting up in the morning, made it his constant employment to scold at his family till he sat down to dinner; and then the first mouthful of pudding calmed his fretful heart, and made him pleased with his wife, and all the world: he was particularly fond of beef, which he called Protestant victuals; and used to say, there was religion and liberty in an English sir-loin; but that French cookery was like the Latin mass, and nobody knew what was in it: he therefore wished,
that

that soups and ragous were out of fashion; for that, in his opinion, they favoured strangely of Popery and wooden shoes. "Let us," says the old man, "in the name of liberty and full bellies, stick to beef and pudding; and then I'll ensure church and state for half-a-crown."

I am one of those persons who think, that there is much satisfaction in a hearty meal; and, as my luck this way is pretty good, I confess I make the most of it; having for these two last months been more than ordinary happy in my company, diet, and diversions. I doubt not but my reader can easily discover that my labours relish highly of the brightest French wine, the richest venison, and the politest conversation. I am sorry to add, that my enjoyment of these blessings is at present somewhat ruffled by the arbitrary spirit of a member of parliament, who is come on a visit to the gentleman whose debtor I am for all the above-named pleasures. This dogmatical person, because he has a finger in making laws for the nation, sets up for a ruler of my throat, and pretends to prescribe laws to my stomach, which it is well if I can do myself. He has a smart appetite, and therefore I would be well enough contented, if I might be allowed to keep close to his example in the manufacture of the teeth; but he is like other legislators, and scorns to stand to his own statutes: he watches every morsel that I cut; and when he sees me making my fourth tour, with knife in hand, towards the haunch, he seizes my weapon, cries, "Pry'thee, author, don't oppress your genius with roast meat, but keep your brains in tune for the public." And when he has thus pinned me down

to

to involuntary temperance, he puts out his fork, without ever a blush in his face, and recruits his plate with the other half pound of venison. If I eat a small slice of ham for supper, he holds up his hands, and wonders where I can find stowage; but he, at the same time, devours a couple of partridges, and swallows a quart of codlins and cream, and then wipes his mouth, and gives us to know, that he has made a slender supper, because he intends to sleep sound. He this very day spoiled my dinner; and, for aught I know, by that means, this essay; I was, however, resolved to write upon a subject, which this merciless tyrant keeps me, as much as he can, from knowing by experience. How to deal with him, I know not. If I should challenge him, he might perhaps, like others of his house, plead privilege, or, which is as bad, though not so likely, take me at my word.

But as this essay grows too long, I must suppress, or defer twenty good things which I have to say of eating; and finish my present panegyric upon it with a word of advice to the glutton. And I assure him, as hard a doctrine as he may think it, that cramming is not the chief end of man: I must also inform him, that, upon diligent search, he will find a thing within him called the mind, which ought to be fed as well as his belly, and yet has lain long starved and neglected; and, in fine, I must desire him, while he is wholly taken up in cultivating the life and genius of a pig, not to forget altogether that he has an human face, and had once a human shape. Lord Gormond will, I hope, take this hint; and presently dismiss, at least, half a dozen of his twenty cooks, and not

overload his limbs at every meal, as he does; so as they cannot carry him from table without the assistance of ten servants.



A STRIKING PIECE OF HISTORY.

[BY MR. BROOKE.]

EDWARD the Third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant Governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old founda-

foundations and rubbish in search of vermin.— They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the Governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true, and natural Sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected, with beating hearts, the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for, how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

“ We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it.

“ Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not
bled

bled for you? who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? you will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

“Where then is our resource? is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.”

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued.—Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—“It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may with-

with-hold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

“ Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it chearfully; who comes next?”

Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—“ Ah, my child! cried Saint Pierre, I am, then, twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost and final purpose of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes.”—Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wissant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant!—Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a scene! They crouded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung round, they fell prostrate before them.

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They groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome and entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British Garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny, says the Monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion, among the people? Not in the least, my Lord; the people would all have perished,

perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter's, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution. Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—“We have nothing to ask of your Majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.”—What is that?—“Your esteem, my Lord,” said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their King captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed to Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.—“My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics;

it

it respects a matter more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

“ You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

“ They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon.

“ I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have with-held from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

“ But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the Monarch of Britain? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of
D d honour,

honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

"No, my Lord, let us rather disappoint the faucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!"

They came, when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expence of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

"You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood,
of

of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of Kings; and that those, whom the Almighty inspires with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

“ You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

“ Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.”

“ Ah, my country! exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.”

“ Brave Saint Pierre, said the Queen, wherefore look you so dejected?”—“ Ah, madam! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.”



E P I G R A M.

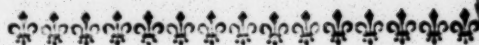
WILL. and John at a Plumber's once happen'd
to stop,

Where a Tully's head stood in the front of the shop:
Will. cries out, “ O that I had such a head!”

“ You have, replies John, for,—behold it is lead.”

D d 2

EPITAPH



EPITAPH on MISS TAYLOR, a celebrated beauty, who died April 1659, aged 17 years.

READER, didst thou but know what sacred dust
Thou tread'st upon, thoud'st judge thyself unjust;
Should'st thou neglect a shower of tears to pay,
To wash the sin of thy own feet away.

That Actor in the play, who looking down
When he should cry, O heaven!—was thought a
clown.

And guilty folecism——might have
Applause for fuch an action o'er this grave.
Here lies a piece of heaven, and heaven one day
Will fend the beft in heaven to fetch't away.
Truth is, this lovely virgin from her birth
Became a conftant ftife 'twixt heaven and earth :
Both claim'd her, pleaded for her ; either cry'd
The child is mine ; at length they did divide :
Heaven took her foul ; the earth her corpf did feize,
Yet not in fee, fhe only holds by leafe ;
With this provifo——when the Judge fhall call,
Earth fhall give up her fhare, and heaven have all.

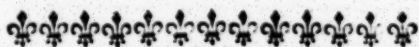


To Miss —, powdering her HAIR.

BEAUTY appears, my sweetest maid,
Best in its native charms array'd :

Nor

Nor can that foreign borrow'd grace,
Add beauty to your lovely face.
Your charms much brighter would appear,
Without addition to your hair;
Or did you think your locks too bright,
And fear'd to dazzle every sight?
Your cares were vain, you charm us still,
And make us slaves against our will.
So Jove, or gold, or swan, or dove,
Still is divine, and still is Jove.



THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TALE.

A NORTHERN pair, we'll wave the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
When first the nuptial state they try'd,
With poets' gods in pleasure vy'd.
New to the mighty charm, they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal.
We love whate'er has pow'r to please,
So nature's antient law decrees;
And thus the pair, while each had pow'r
To bless the fond, sequester'd hour,
With mutual love enraptur'd glow,
And love in kind complaisance show.

But when familiar charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before,
Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
Now this, now that was disapprov'd;

Some

Some trifling fault, which love conceal'd,
 Indiff'rence ev'ry day reveal'd.
 Complaisance flies, neglect succeeds,
 Neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
 The wish to please forsakes the breast,
 The wish to rule has each possess'd.
 Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
 They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
 Now hopes of conquest swell the heart
 No more—at length content to part.

The rural seat, that silvan shade,
 Where first the nuptial vows were paid;
 That seat attests the dire intent,
 And hears the parting settlement.
 This house, these fields, my lady's own,
 Sir JOHN must ride to town alone.
 The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
 But still the chariot waits in view.
 TOM tires with waiting, long in doubt,
 And lights a pipe—and smokes it out—
 Mysterious! wherefore this delay?
 The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
 The father's, mother's darling, she
 Now lisp'd and prattl'd at their knee.
 Sir JOHN, now rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
 And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
 Come, BETSY, bid mamma good-by'e.
 The lady, trembling, answer'd, No—
 Go kiss pappa, my BETSY go.
 Sir JOHN, the child shall live with me—
 The child herself shall chuse, said he.

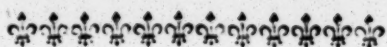
Poor

Poor BETSY look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns.
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
Will you not live with me, my dear?
Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
Come, BETSY, cry'd Sir JOHN, you'll go,
And live with dear pappa, I know.
Yes, BETSY cry'd—The lady then
Address'd the wond'ring child again.
The time to live with both is o'er,
This day we part to meet no more:
Chuse then—Here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.

The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
Suppos'd pappa displeas'd, unkind;
And try'd, with all her little skill,
To sooth his oft relenting will.
Do, cry'd the lisper, pappy, do
Love dear mamma!—Mamma loves you!
Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
No more his looks his heart bely'd;
The tender transport forc'd its way;
They both confess'd each other's sway;
And prompted by the social smart,
Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
Each clasp their BETSY o'er and o'er,
And TOM drove empty from the door.

Ye that have passions for a tear,
Give nature vent, and drop it here!

THE



THE EXPERIMENT. A TALE.

VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty pow'rs,
 Who rule this motly world of ours,
 Disputed once which govern'd best,
 And whose dependents most were blest.
 They reason'd, rally'd, crack'd their jokes,
 Succeeding much like other folks.
 Their logic wasted, and their wit,
 Nor one nor t'other wou'd submit;
 But both the doubtful point consent
 To clear, by fair experiment:
 For this some mortal, they declare,
 By turns shall both their bounty share,
 And either's pow'r to blest him try'd,
 Shall then the long dispute decide.

On HODGE they fix, a country boor,
 As yet rough, ign'rant, careless, poor—
 Vice first exerts her pow'r to blest,
 And gives him riches in excess,
 With gold she taught him to supply
 Each rising wish of luxury;
 HODGE grew at length polite and great,
 And liv'd like minister of state;
 He swore with grace, got nobly drunk,
 And kept in pomp his twentieth punk.

One morning as in easy chair
 HODGE sat with ruminating air;
 Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
 Approach'd, and thus was heard to say—

(Behind

(Behind her Virtue all the while
 Stood flily lift'ning with a smile)
 Know, favour'd mortal, know that I
 The pleasures of thy life supply;
 I rais'd thee from the clay built cell,
 Where want, contempt, and slav'ry dwell;
 And as each joy on earth is sold,
 To purchase all, I gave thee gold;
 This made the charms of beauty thine,
 This bless'd thee with the joys of wine;
 This gave thee, in the rich repast,
 Whate'er can please the tutor'd taste.
 Confess the blessings I bestow,
 And pay the grateful thanks you owe;
 My name is Vice —Cry'd HODGE (and sneer'd)
 Long be your mighty name rever'd!
 Forbid it, heav'n! thus blest by you,
 That I shou'd rob you of your due—
 To wealth, 'twas you that made me heir,
 And gave, for which I thank you, CARE;
 Wealth brought me wine, 'tis past a doubt,
 And wine, see here's a leg! the GOUT.
 To wealth I owe my French ragout,
 And that each morn and night—I spue;
 This beauty brought, and with the dame
 The POX, a blest companion! came.
 And now, to shew how much I prize
 The joys which from your bounty rise,
 Each coupled with so dear a brother,
 I'll give you one to take the other.—
 Avant, depart from whence you came,
 And thank your stars that I am lame,
 Enrag'd and griev'd away she flew,
 And all her gifts from HODGE withdrew.

E e

Now,

Now, in his sad repentant hour,
 Celestial Virtue try'd her pow'r;
 For wealth, content the goddess gave,
 Th' unenvy'd treasure of the slave!
 From wild desires she set him free,
 And fill'd his breast with charity;
 No more loud tumults riot breeds,
 And temperance gluttony succeeds.

HODGE, in his native cot at rest,
 Now Virtue found and thus address'd:
 Say, for 'tis yours by proof to know,
 Can Virtue give thee blifs below?
 Content my gift, and temp'rance mine,
 And charity, tho' meek, divine—

With blushing cheeks, and kindling eyes,
 The man transported thus replies:
 My goddess! on this favour'd head
 The life of life thy blessings shed!
 My annual thousands when I told,
 Infatiate still I sigh'd for gold;
 You gave content—a boundless store!
 And, rich indeed! I sigh'd no more.—
 With temp'rance came, delightful guest,
 Health—tasteful food, and balmy rest;
 With charity's seraphic flame
 Each generous social pleasure came,
 Pleasures which in possession rise,
 And retrospective thought supplies!
 Long to attest it may I live,
 That all Vice promises, you give.
 Vice heard, and swore that HODGE for hire
 Had giv'n his verdict like a liar;
 And Virtue, turning with disdain,
 Vow'd ne'er to speak to Vice again.

STORY



STORY OF MR. WILSON.

AN eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last averse to his wife. This change in his affections was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among these philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelvemonth; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end

of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodging, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way home at a thread-shop in a bye-street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the street, a little alarmed her, she inquired of the shop-woman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. "You have just seen him go in, madam," replied the woman. "His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady"—At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour; and interrupted her—"His lady, madam!—I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water! This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue." The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became, in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, "I believe, said she, you were quite frightened to see me look so pale; but I have walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop.—But
you

you were talking of the gentleman over the way, —I fancied I knew him; but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married man, pray?" "The happiest in the world, madam," returned the thread-woman; "he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy, they say he is, as ever was seen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilson immediately slept, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief not to be described.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire almost every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this:

As he was fauntering one day through the bird-cage walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed, and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking
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at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in some confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name I have forgot, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and, as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her, till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and, after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus:

“ If, Sir, you are the gentleman your appearance speaks you to be, I shall thank heaven that I have found you. I am the unfortunate widow of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As he was only a Lieutenant, and his commission all his fortune, I married him against a mother's consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I am unable to forget. At my return to England (for I was the constant follower of his fortunes) I obtained, with
some

some difficulty, the allowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelsea.

"In this retirement I wrote to my mother, acquainting her with my loss and poverty, and desiring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but the cruel answer I received from her determined me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

"I lived upon this slender allowance with all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my husband's, discovered me at church, and made me a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly payments. As he was punctual in these payments, which were always made me the morning they became due, and yesterday, being quarter-day, I wondered I neither saw him or heard from him. Early this morning I walked from Chelsea to enquire for him at his lodgings in Pall-Mall; but how shall I tell you, Sir, the news I learnt there!—This friend! this generous and disinterested friend! was killed yesterday in a duel in Hyde-Park." She stopt here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. "I was so stunned at this intelligence that I knew not whither to go. Chance more than choice brought me to this place; where if I have found a benefactor—and indeed, Sir, I have need of one—I shall call it the happiest accident of my life."

The widow ended her story, which was literally true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence she had placed in him, and swore never to desert her. He then requested the honour of attending her home, to
which

which she readily consented, walking with him to Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelsea. Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodgings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and a single man. These were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generosity and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those virtuous widows who are my readers, against too hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow that, in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to go on with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

I return now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and, finding that business would
detain

detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in her handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that, as she came a great way, and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message from his mistress, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilton confessed that at that moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering on what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she instantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to disturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with

the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who in the tenderest distress was enquiring how she did, we felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows:

“ I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserves to be happy in the best of husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am. It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and, not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with.” “ Me, madam!” answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion, “ had you heard any thing of me?” “ That you were such as I have found you, madam, replied the stranger, and had made Mr. Roberts happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam? I shall love him for his father’s sake.” “ His father, madam! returned the mistress of the house, his father did you say? I am mistaken then; I thought you had been a stranger to him.” “ To his person, I own, said Mrs. Wilson, but not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature. If it
is

is not too much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged."

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears. She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch, without witnesses, the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson took him in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, "'Tis a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a boy! had he been mine, I had been happy!" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned him to his mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus:

"You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child; I pray heaven that mine be not a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you, to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me; I have a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you."

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his

mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows: "I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house; but my business is with the master of it; and, if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities which your lady has entertained me with."

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and, quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addressed him in these words:

"How I have discovered your secret, or how the discovery has tormented me, I need not tell you. It is enough for you to know, that I am miserable for ever. My business with you is short; I have only a question to ask, and to take a final leave of you in this world. Tell me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if you have seduced this lady under false appearances, or have fallen into guilt by the temptations of a wanton?"

"I shall answer you presently, said Wilson; but first I have a question for you. Am I discovered to her? And does she know it is my wife I am now speaking to?" "No, upon my honour, she replied; her looks were so amiable, and her behaviour

naviour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to distress her. If she has guessed at what I am, it was only from the concern she saw me in, which I could not hide from her." You have acted nobly then, returned Wilton, and have opened my eyes at last to see and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you shall know all."

He then told her of his first meeting with this lady, and of every circumstance that had happened since; concluding with his determinations to leave her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to his wife, if she generously consented, after what had happened, to receive him as a husband.—

"She must consent," cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burst into the room; "she must consent. You are her husband, and may command it. For me, madam," continued she, turning to Mrs. Wilton, "he shall never see me more. I have injured you through ignorance, but will atone for it to the utmost. He is your husband, madam, and you must receive him. I have listened to what has passed, and am now here to join my entreaties with his, that you may be happy for ever."

To relate all that was said upon this occasion would make my story too long. Wilton was all submission and acknowledgement; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilton, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she

was

was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country; and two years after was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of these visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent me, from his own hand, this moral to his story.

"That though prudence and generosity may not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a husband, yet a constant perseverance in them will, one time or other, most certainly regain it."



TWO LETTERS from MR. EVERARD, F. S. M.
containing an ADVENTURE, of which he was
a witness, at the Quick-silver Mine of IDRA.
Translated from the Italian.

DEAR SIR,

THE pleasure I always take in writing to you wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing round me, and the more disagreeable circumstances of the Count Alberti, with whom
you

you were once acquainted. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. That gentleman, Sir, I wish I could say, is now no more; yet, too unhappily for him, he exists, but in a situation more terrible than the most gloomy imagination can conceive.

After passing through several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home without visiting the Quick-silver mines of Idra, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever seeing the chearful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters. Imagine to yourself, an hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over; down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than an hundred fathoms, the prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground, which, by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so as
that

that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing, not even the person who came with me to shew me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you, that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches my eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed in procuring. As they, in general, consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expence; but they seldom consume much provision, as they lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, and with a most piteous accent demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me!" Good God, what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Alberti. I flew to him with affection; and after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there?

there? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a General of the Austrian infantry, against the Emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greater part of them were killed, he was taken and carried to Vienna, in order to be broke alive upon the wheel. However, upon arriving at the Capital, he was quickly known, and several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra; a sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who at once I saw to be born for better fortune; the dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene of wretchedness, she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly. This lady was, in fact, daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions from whence few of the living return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendours of opu-

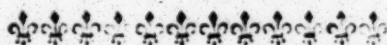
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lence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.



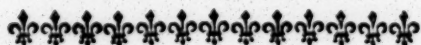
L E T T E R II.

DEAR SIR,

MY last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own the deplorable situation of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansion. At present, however, I have the happiness to inform you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. Their first enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I happening to over-hear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow-foldier to the Count: they came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, and who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented

presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened upon his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom. Some hours were employed in mending the appearance of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock, to another his working-cloaths, to a third his little household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine, where he once again revisited the light of the sun, that he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise and four were ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, where I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The Empress has again taken him into favour; his fortune and rank are restored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, as they once knew what it was to be miserable.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.



A LOVING WIFE DESCRIBED.

HARD is the lot of that man who is plagued with a wanton wife, a jealous wife, a drunken wife, or a scolding wife; but it is better to have a

wanton, jealous, drunken, or scolding wife, nay, I may say, all together, than to be yoked to a loving wife. The wanton wife will let the poor man wear his horns on his head with peace and quiet, if he'll give her no interruption in planting them there. The jealous wife will cease upbraiding while her deary is fixt to her apron-string. The drunken wife is at least sober when she wakes in the morning; and the scolding wife, we may suppose, is silent when she is asleep. But the loving wife torments her unfortunate helpmate morning, noon, and night; nay, and all night too.

When my dear partner, who, I may say, is the most loving of her sex, first wakes in the morning, if she finds me asleep, she seldom fails of letting me know that she thinks I have had rest enough, and that to sleep much is not good for me. If I happen to be awake when she first opens her eyes, she will not suffer me to get up, insisting I must take another nap, for she is sure I have had but an indifferent night. When we get to breakfast, if I choose toast, it is ten to one but she finds it gave me the heart-burn the day before, and then I must eat bread and butter; if I choose the latter, it is the same odds but I am obliged to eat Yorkshire muffin, because she well knew I was fond of it. Sometimes she turns down my cup herself after the first dish, because she fancies my hand shakes, and tea is nervous. At other times I am swilled with half-pint after half-pint, as she conceives I ate too much supper over night, and tea is good for digestion. One time I am poisoned with brandy in my dish, at another with saffron, though

though she knows I detest them both;—but it is good for me, she says.

If I happen to come home any short time before dinner, I am obliged to swallow down a large dish of chocolate, and to eat a saucer of dry toast, though perhaps I was just come from the coffee-house, to keep the wind off my stomach; and I am in great luck that a pint bason of pease-soup, in which a spoon will stand upright, is not set before me, by way of whet to my appetite. Though my loving tormentor may have thus crammed me like a turkey till the dinner makes its appearance upon the table, I am obliged to eat whatever she puts on my plate, or she is otherwise the most miserable creature alive, and is sure I am not well, which never fails of introducing the apothecary into the house, almost as soon as the cloth is taken away. And I have more than once, on such an occasion, suffered myself to be drenched with gallons of camomile tea, because no remonstrance could satisfy her but my stomach was out of order. If I presume to help myself at table, my female Sancho Panfa physician is ready with her interdict to restrain me. If I call for small-beer, perhaps my sweet loving wife thinks water better for me; and should this have been my choice, it is great odds but she orders wine to be mixed with it, as it is too cold for my stomach alone. Do I go to hob or nob in white wine, I am probably told red is better for my nerves; and should I mention red, she would insist white is better for my cold. When the desert appears, though I am in general fond of fruit and sweet-meats, I almost tremble at the sight of it, for as the dear loving soul is fond of these

these things herself, she thinks she cannot give a stronger proof of her regard for me, than in making me eat what she likes best. Accordingly, if she takes a peach that appears to her remarkably good, I am forced to finish what she has half eat, though I prefer a nectarine. And however wishfully I may cast my eye upon any glass or saucer of sweet-meats, I am forced to resist the temptation, well knowing my loving taster will supply me abundantly with her reliëts of those things which she is sure I am fond of. I must add too, that though the company cannot help smiling when she loads my plate with jellies, I dare not refuse my love's kindness, if she declares they are admirable, and she is certain I shall like them.

Her anxiety about my health, and her earnestness to please me, acts so vehemently upon her mind, that she is never cool enough to judge what is the best for my constitution, or most agreeable to my taste. She is too intent upon the end to consult well about the means. Hence my female physician often proves the reverse of the smokers adage of TOBACCO HIC; for if I am well she'll make me sick; if I am sick she don't make me well. And when she is most industrious to prove her love for me, I am frequently inclined to prefer envy, hatred, and malice to such loving kindness, and could heartily cry out with Captain Flash to the dear mischief, "Oh! damn your love," though I am convinced of the sincerity of it. My great coat, which I number among my best friends, by her means deserves a place among my false ones. In distress, either from rain or frost, my good friend does me no service, for my wife often hates
a great

a great coat, I am so apt to take cold when I leave it off; and then I must weather every inclemency, and stand every shower of rain without it. When I am in no want of it, my good friend is ready with its kind office, and if my love should take it into her head that I have at any time suffered for want of my great coat, I am forced to groan under the weight of it, even in the hot month of July. Her desire to have me pleased will not let me see the play I admire, or visit the friends which I like. Should I presume to engage for myself, I shall find myself perhaps one of an agreeable party which she knew before I should be happy with in another place. And if I should settle to see Garrick the next time he plays *Lear*, I am certainly engaged by her to the new opera; and she has procured tickets herself to be an agreeable surprize to me. As to the playhouses, indeed, I am afraid I shall never be suffered to enter their doors again, she is so terrified by the modern Mohawks, the Society for the Reformation of Manners, and the theatres, that she would as soon trust me to a campaign in Flanders, or among the Catawaws and Cherokees in North America, as at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

What adds to my misfortunes is, that there is no hopes of an alteration for the better. You may be sure I have taken much pains to convince her, that though she is the best of women, she is the worst of wives; that I would rather feel the severest effects of hate than her love. If she was a termagant, I could make her a silent woman, and I could undertake to tame a shrew; but my dear tormentor is so meek, that she weeps with-

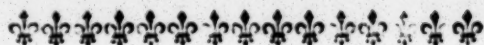
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out complaining, and pines in private with grief, if I oppose the most trifling circumstance which she judges for my good, or has conceived would please me: she imagines I have no love for her, if she thinks I slight any instance of hers to me. After having suffered her to waste herself almost to a skeleton, I have been reduced to the cruel necessity of giving way to her disposition, and submitting a second time to the go-cart and leading-string. And though I am the jest of all my friends, and the sport of both sexes, though I can neither eat, drink, sleep, or wake as I please, though I must appear merry when I am hipt, and well when I am ill, keep company I don't like, and scarce ever see my old acquaintance and friends; though I am to be purged, sweated, and blistered in perfect health, I cannot fly from my persecutor, as my love is at least equal to hers, and I am content to bear the weakness of her mind, as I am so sensible of the strength of her affection. Therefore, Sir, when you see a monkey play with a kitten, a boy with a puppy, and miss with her goldfinch, pray remember

Yours, &c.

TRUELOVE.

An



AN ESSAY on the SPIRIT of CONTEMPT.

THERE is not in human nature a more odious disposition, than a proneness to contempt: nor is there any which more certainly denotes a bad mind; for in a good and benign temper there can be no room for this sensation. That which constitutes an object of contempt to the malevolent, becomes the object of other passions to a worthy and good-natured man: for in such a person wickedness and vice must raise hatred and abhorrence; and weakness and folly will be sure to excite compassion; so that he will find no object of his contempt in all the actions of men.

And however detestable this quality, which is a mixture of pride and ill-nature, may appear when considered in the serious school of Heraclitus, it will present no less absurd and ridiculous an idea to the laughing sect of Democritus, especially as we may observe, that the meanest and basest of all human beings are generally the most contemptuous.

I have often wished that some of those curious persons who have employed their time in enquiring into the nature and actions of several insects, such as bees and ants, had taken some pains to examine whether they are not apt to express any contemptuous behaviour one towards another; the plain symptoms of which might possibly be discovered

covered by the help of microscopes. It is scarce conceivable that the queen bee, amongst the hundred gallants which she keeps for her own recreation, should not have some especial favourites, and it is full as likely, that these favourites will so carry themselves towards their brethren, as to display sufficient marks of their contempt to the eye of an accurate discoverer in the manners of the reptile world. For my own part, I have remarked many instances of contempt amongst animals, which I have farther observed to increase in proportion to the decrease of such species, in the rank and order of the animal creation. Mr. Ellis informs me, that he never could discover any the least indication of contempt in the lions under his care; the horse, I am sorry to say it, gives us some, the ass many more, the turkey-cock more still, and the toad is supposed to burst itself frequently with the violence of this passion.

And as a very good mind, as I have before observed, will give no entertainment to any such affection; so neither will a sensible mind, I am persuaded, find much opportunity to exert it. If men would make but a moderate use of that self-examination, which philosophers and divines have recommended to them, it would tend greatly to the cure of this disposition. Their contempt would then perhaps, as their charity is said to do, begin at home. To say truth, a man hath this better chance of despising himself, than he hath of despising others, as he is likely to know himself best.

But I am sliding into a more serious vein than I intended. In the residue of this essay, therefore, I will confine myself to one particular considera-

tion

tion only, one which will give as ridiculous an idea of contempt, and afford as strong dissuatives against it, as any other which at present suggests itself.

The consideration I mean is, that contempt is, generally at least, mutual, and there is scarce any one man who despises another, without being at the same time despised by him, of which I shall endeavour to produce some few instances.

As the Right Honourable the Lord Squanderfield at the head of a vast retinue, passes by Mr. Moses Buckram, citizen and tailor, in his chaise and one, "See there! says my Lord, with an air of the highest contempt, that rascal Buckram, with his fat wife; I suppose he is going to his country-house, for such fellows must have their country-house as well as their vehicle. These are the rascals that complain of want of trade." Buckram, on the other side, is no sooner recovered from the fear of being run over, before he could get out of the way, than turning to his wife, he cries, "Very fine, faith! an honest citizen is to be run over by such fellows as these, who drive about their coaches and fix with other people's money. See, my dear, what an equipage he hath, and yet he cannot find money to pay an honest tradesman. He is above fifteen hundred pounds deep in my books; how I despise such Lords!"

Lady Fanny Rantun, from the side-box, casting her eyes on an honest pawnbroker's wife below her, bids Lady Betty, her companion, take notice of that creature in the pit; "Did you ever see, Lady Betty, says she, such a strange wretch? how the aukward monster is dressed?" The good wo-

man at the same time surveying Lady Fanny, and offended perhaps at a scornful smile, which she sees in her countenance,—whispers her friend,—
“ Observe Lady Fanny Rantun. As great airs as that fine lady gives herself, my husband hath all her jewels under lock and key; what a contemptible thing is poor quality!”

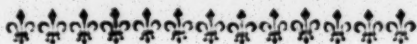
Is there on earth a greater object of contempt than a poor scholar to a splendid beau; unless perhaps the splendid beau to the poor scholar! The philosopher and the world; the man of business, and the man of pleasure; the beauty and the wit; the hypocrite and the profligate; the covetous and the squanderer, are all alike instances of this reciprocal contempt.

Take the same observations into the lowest life, and we shall find the same proneness to despise each other. The common soldier, who hires himself out to be shot at for five pence a-day, who is the only slave in a free country, and is liable to be sent to any part of the world without his consent, and whilst at home subject to the severest punishments, for offences which are not to be found in our law-books; yet this noble personage looks with a contemptuous air on all his brethren of that order in the common-wealth, whether of mechanics or husbandmen, from whence he was himself taken. On the other hand, however adorned with his brick-dust coloured cloth, and bedaubed with worsted lace of a penny a yard, the very gentleman soldier is as much despised in his turn by the whistling carter, who comforts himself, that he is a free Englishman, and will live with no master longer than he likes him; nay, and
though

though he never was worth twenty shillings in his life, is ready to answer a Captain, if he offends him,—“D—n you, Sir, who are you? is it not we that pays you?”

This contemptuous disposition is in reality the sure attendant on a mean and bad mind in every station; on the contrary, a great and good man will be free from it, whether he be placed at the top or bottom of life. I was therefore not a little pleased with a rebuke given by a blackshoe-boy to another, who had expressed his contempt of one of the modern town-smarts. “Why should you despise him, Jack? said the honest lad, we are all what the Lord was pleased to make us.”

I will conclude this essay with a story which a gentleman of honour averred to me to be truth. His coach being stopt in Piccadilly by two or three carts, which, according to custom, were placed directly across the way; he observed a very dirty fellow, who appeared to belong to a mud-cart, give another fellow several lashes with his whip, and at the same time heard him repeat more than once——“D—n you, I will teach you manners to your betters.” My friend could not easily, from these words, divine what might possibly be the station of the unhappy sufferer, till at length, to the great satisfaction of his curiosity, he discovered that he was the driver of a dust-cart drawn by asses.



THE CHARMS OF BEAUTY.

THE charms that blooming Beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lilly and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lilly droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue shines confest,
With sweet Discretion join'd;
When Mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And Wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve;
They kindle generous, chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate,
These graces shall endure;
Still like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

A TRUE



A TRUE STORY OF
AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICS (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep enquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground;
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' goary shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Strait they with smiles reply; those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told:
Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
Which with such idle legends scares the muse:
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
Which frightened boys relate on winter nights;
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country town.
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?

And

248 MISCELLANIES

And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murd'ers steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spread its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A trav'ller took his solitary way;
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day,
And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
The branches ruffle with the threatening shower;
With sudden blast the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud.
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And heav'n discharges all its watry stores.
The wand'ring trav'ller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain;
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.

At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled thro' the window; crosses the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;
Some Lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Strait

Strait he dismounts, repeats his loud commands;
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
 With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
 His house was full, and every bed in use.
 What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
 Why then the kitchen fire, and elbow-chair,
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
 The kitchen ever is the servants right,
 Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
 The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
 Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest.
 Our haunted room was ever held the best;
 If then your valour can the fright sustain
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
 If your courageous tongue has power to talk
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk?
 If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
 I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.
 Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half demolished wall;
 She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
 While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
 And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
 When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
 The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
 Till his accusom'd walk at dead of night.

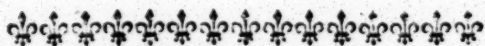
At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;

Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtain wide.
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shudd'ring fear
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then mutt'ring hasty pray'rs, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud, Say, whence and who thou art?
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd,
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept, O thirst of gain!
See still the planks the bloody mark retain!
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barb'rous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil.
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.
Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led;

The

The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
 Where passages obscure their arches bend,
 Silent they walk; and now thro' groves they pass,
 Now thro' wet meads their steps imprint the grass;
 At length amidst a spacious field they came;
 There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
 Amaz'd he stood, no bush, no briar was found,
 To teach his morning search to find the ground;
 What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
 Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark;
 With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
 But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
 But a short vision, and a golden dream?
 Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope;
 He wakes; but for a garter finds a rope.



THE WHIMSICAL CONTRACT.

TWO Welshmen, partners in a cow,
 Resolv'd to sell her dear,
 And laid their heads together how
 To do't at Ludlow fair.

It was a sultry summer's day,
 When out they drove the beast,
 And having got about half-way,
 They set them down to rest:

The cow, a creature of no breeding,
The place with grafs being stor'd,
Fed by; and while ſhe was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty t—,

Roger, quoth Hugh, I'll tell thee what,
Two words and I have done,
If you will fairly eat up that,
This cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth Roger; 'tis agreed,
And to't he went apace;
He ſeem'd ſo eager, that 'tis ſaid
He quite forgot his grace.

He labour'd with a wooden ſpoon,
And up he flopt the ſtuff,
Till by the time that half was done
He felt he had enough.

He felt, but ſcorning to look back,
Wou'd look as wanting more;
And ſeem'd to make a freſh attack,
As vigorous as before.

But ſtopping ſhort a while, he cry'd,
How far'ſt thou neighbour Hugh?
I hope by this you're ſatisfy'd,
Who's maſter of the cow.

Ay, ay, quoth Hugh (the devil choke thee,
For nothing elſe can do't),
I'm ſatisfy'd that thou haſt broke me,
Unleſs thou wilt give out.

Give

Give out, quoth Roger, that were fine;
 Why what have I been doing?
 But yet I tell thee, friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy ruin.

My heart now turns against such gains,
 I know th'art piteous poor,
 Eat then the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's blessing on thy heart, quoth Hugh,
 That proffer none can gainsay;
 With that he readily fell too,
 And eat his share of tanfy.

We'er even now, quoth Roger, no doubt,
 And neither side a winner:
 So had we been; quoth Hugh, without
 This d—n'd confounded dinner.



A True NARRATIVE of the extraordinary AD-
 VENTURES of FOUR RUSSIAN SAILORS, who
 were cast away on the desert island of EAST-
 SPITZBERGEN.

I N the year 1743, one Jeremiah Okladmkof, a
 merchant of Mefen, a town in the province
 of Jugovia, and in the government of Archangel,
 fitted out a vessel, carrying fourteen men; she
 was

was destined for Spitzbergen, to be employed in the whale or seal fishery. For eight successive days after they had sailed the wind was fair; but on the ninth it changed, so that instead of getting to the West of Spitzbergen, the usual place of rendezvous for the Dutch ships, and those of other nations, annually employed in the whale-fishery, they were driven eastward of those islands; and, after some days, they found themselves at a small distance from one of them, called East-Spitzbergen. Having approached this island within two English miles, their vessel was suddenly surrounded by ice, and they found themselves in a dangerous situation.

In this alarming state a council was held; when the mate, Alexis Himkof, informed them that he recollected to have heard, that some of the people of Meseu, some time before, having formed a resolution of wintering upon this island, had accordingly carried from that city timber proper for building a hut, and had actually erected one at some distance from the shore.

This information induced the whole company to resolve on wintering there, if the hut, as they hoped, still existed; for they clearly perceived the imminent danger they were in, and that they must inevitably perish if they continued in the ship. They dispatched therefore four of their crew in search of the hut, or any other succour they could meet with. These were Alexis Himkof, the mate; Iwan Himkof, his godson; Stephen Scharapof, and Feodor Weregine.

As the shore on which they were to land was uninhabited, it was necessary that they should make
some

some provision for their expedition. They had almost two miles to travel over loose ridges of ice, which being raised by the waves, and driven against each other by the wind, rendered the way equally difficult and dangerous; prudence therefore forbade their loading themselves too much, lest, being over-burthened, they might sink in between the pieces of ice and perish.

Having thus maturely considered the nature of their undertaking, they provided themselves with a musket, and powder-horn containing 12 charges of powder, with as many balls, an axe, a small kettle, a bag with about twenty pounds of flower, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and every man his wooden pipe.—Thus accoutred, these four sailors quickly arrived on the island, little suspecting the misfortunes that would befall them.

They began with exploring the country; and soon discovered the hut they were in search of, about an English mile and a half from the shore. It was thirty-six feet in length, eighteen feet in height, and as many in breadth. It contained a small anti-chamber, about twelve feet broad, which had two doors, the one to shut it up from the outer air, the other to form a communication with the inner room: this contributed greatly to keep the larger room warm, when once heated. In the large room was an earthen stove, constructed in the Russian manner; that is, a kind of oven without a chimney, which serves occasionally either for baking, for heating the room, or, as is customary amongst the Russian peasants, in very cold weather, for a place to sleep upon.

They

They rejoiced greatly at having discovered the hut, which had however suffered much from the weather, it having now been built a considerable time: our adventurers however contrived to pass the night in it. Early next morning they hastened to the shore, impatient to inform their comrades of their success; and also to procure from their vessel such provisions, ammunition, and other necessaries, as might better enable them to winter on the island.

I leave my readers to figure to themselves the astonishment and agony of mind these poor people must have felt, when, on reaching the place of their landing, they saw nothing but an open sea, free from the ice, which, but the day before, had covered the ocean. Whatever accident had befallen the ship, they saw her no more; and as no tidings were ever afterwards received of her, it is most probable that she sunk, and all on board of her perished.

This melancholy event depriving the unhappy wretches of all hope of ever being able to quit the island, they returned to the hut from whence they had come, full of horror and despair.

Their first attention was employed, as may easily be imagined, in devising means of providing subsistence, and for repairing their hut. The 12 charges of powder which they had brought with them, soon procured them as many rein-deer; the island, fortunately for them, abounding in these animals.

Nothing proved of more essential service to these unfortunate men, during the first year of their exile, than some boards they found upon the beach,
having

having a long iron hook, some nails of about five or six inches long, and proportionably thick, and other bits of old iron fixed in them; the melancholy relicks of some vessels cast away in those remote parts. These were thrown ashore by the waves at a time when the want of powder gave our men reason to apprehend that they must fall a prey to hunger, as they had nearly consumed those rain-deer they had killed. This lucky circumstance was attended with another, equally fortunate; they found, on the shore, the root of a fir-tree, which nearly approached to the figure of a bow.

As necessity has ever been the mother of invention, so they soon fashioned this root to a good bow, by the help of a knife; but still they wanted a string and arrows. Not knowing how to procure these at present, they resolved upon making a couple of lances, to defend themselves against the white bears, by far the most ferocious of their kind, whose attacks they had great reason to dread.

Finding they could neither make the heads of their lances, nor of their arrows, without the help of a hammer, they contrived to form the large iron hook into one, by heating it, and widening a hole it happened to have about its middle, with the help of one of their largest nails. This received the handle, and a round button at one end of the hook, served for the face of the hammer. A large pebble supplied the place of an anvil, and a couple of rain-deer's horns made the tongs. By the means of such tools, they made two heads of spears; and after polishing and sharpening them on stones, they tied them as fast as possible, with

K k

thongs

thongs made of rain-deer skins, to sticks about the thickness of a man's arm, which they got from some branches of trees that had been cast on shore.

Thus equipped with spears, they resolved to attack a white bear; and after a most dangerous encounter, they killed the formidable creature, and thereby made a new supply of provisions. The flesh of this animal they relished exceedingly, as they thought it much resembled beef in taste and flavour. The tendons they saw with much pleasure could, with little or no trouble, be divided into filaments, of what fineness they thought fit. This perhaps was the most fortunate discovery these men could have made, as they were hereby furnished with strings for their bow.

The success of our unfortunate islanders in making the spears, and the use these proved of, encouraged them to proceed, and to forge some pieces of iron into heads of arrows of the same shape, though somewhat smaller in size than the spears above-mentioned. Having ground and sharpened these like the former, they tied them, with the sinews of the white bears, to pieces of fir, to which, by the help of fine threads of the same, they fastened feathers of sea-fowl; and thus became possessed of a complete bow and arrows. Their ingenuity, in this respect, was crowned with success far beyond their expectation; for, during the time of their continuance upon the island, with these arrows they killed no less than 250 rain-deer, besides a great number of blue and white foxes. The flesh of these animals served them also for food, and their skins for cloathing, and other necessary

cessary preservatives against the intense coldness of a climate so near the Pole.

They killed however only ten white bears in all, and those not without the utmost danger ; for these animals being prodigiously strong, defended themselves with astonishing vigour and fury. The first our men attacked designedly, the other nine they slew in defending themselves from their assaults : for some of these creatures even ventured to enter the outer room of the hut, in order to devour them. It is true, that all the bears did not shew equal intrepidity ; either owing to some being less pressed by hunger, or to their being by nature less carnivorous than the others ; for some of them which entered the hut, immediately betook themselves to flight on the first attempt of the sailors to drive them away. A repetition, however, of these terrific attacks, threw the poor men into great terror and anxiety, as they were always in perpetual danger of being devoured.

It is well known, that sea-faring people are extremely subject to the scurvy ; and it has been observed, that this disease increases in proportion as we approach the Poles ; which must be attributed either to the excessive cold, or to some other cause yet unknown. However that may be, our mariners, seeing themselves quite destitute of every means of cure, in case they should be attacked with so fatal a disorder, judged it expedient not to neglect any regimen generally adopted as a preservative against this impending evil. Iwan Himkof, one of their number, who had several times wintered on the coast of West-Spitzbergen, advised his unfortunate companions to swallow raw and

frozen meat, broken into small bits; to drink the blood of rain-deer warm, as it flowed from their veins immediately after killing them; to use as much exercise as possible; and lastly, to eat scurvy-grafs, which grows on the island, though not in great plenty.

I leave the faculty to determine whether raw frozen flesh, or warm rain-deer blood, be proper antidotes to the distemper; but exercise and the use of scurvy-grafs have always been recommended to persons of a scorbutic tendency, whether actually afflicted with the disorder or not. Be this as it may, experience at least seems to have proved these remedies to be effectual; for three of the sailors, who pursued the above method, continued totally free from all taint of the disease. The fourth, Feodor Weregine, on the contrary, who was naturally indolent, averse to drinking the rain-deer blood, and unwilling to leave the hut when he could possibly avoid it, was, soon after their arrival on the island, seized with the scurvy, which afterwards became so bad, that he passed almost six years under the greatest sufferings; in the latter part of that time he became so weak that he could no longer sit erect, nor even raise his hand to his mouth; so that his humane companions were obliged to feed and tend him, like a new-born infant, to the hour of his death.

As they had carefully collected whatever happened to be cast on shore, to supply them with fuel, they had found amongst the wrecks of vessels some cordage, and a small quantity of oakum, which served them to make wicks for their lamp. When these stores began to fail, their shirts were employed

employed to make good the deficiency. By these means they kept their lamp burning without intermission, from the day they first made it, which was soon after their arrival on the island, until that of their embarkation for their native country.

Their summer dress consisted of a kind of jacket and trowsers, made of the skins of the animals they had killed; and in winter they wore long furgowns, like the Laplanders, furnished with a hood, which covered their head and neck, leaving only an opening for the face. These gowns were sewed close round, so that to put them on, they were obliged to bring them over their heads like a shirt.

When our four mariners had passed near six years in this dismal place, Feodor Weregine, whose illness we mentioned before, died, after having, in the latter part of his life, suffered most excruciating pains. Though they were thus freed from the trouble of attending him, and the grief of being witnesses to his misery, without being able to afford him any relief, yet his death affected them not a little. They saw their number lessened, and every one wished to be the first that should follow him. As he died in winter, they dug a grave in the snow as deep as they could, in which they laid the corpse, and then covered it to the best of their power, that the white bears might not get at it.

Now, at the time when the melancholy reflections occasioned by the death of their comrade were fresh in their minds, and when each expected to pay his last duty to the remaining companions of his misfortunes, or to receive it from them, they unexpectedly got sight of a Russian ship: this happened on the 15th of August, 1749.

The

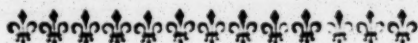
The contrary winds that this vessel had met with on her passage, made it impossible for her to reach the place of her destination. She was driven towards East-Spitzbergen, directly opposite to the residence of our mariners, who, as soon as they perceived her, hastened to light fires upon the hills nearest their habitation, and then ran to the beach, waving a flag made of a rein-deer's hide fastened to a pole. The people on board seeing these signals, concluded that there were men upon the island who implored their assistance, and therefore came to an anchor near the shore.

It would be in vain to attempt describing the joy of these poor people, at seeing the moment of their deliverance so near. They soon agreed with the master of the ship to work for him on the voyage, and to pay him eighty rubles on their arrival, for taking them on board, with all their riches, which consisted of two thousand pound weight of rein-deer fat, in many hides of those animals, and skins of the blue and white foxes, together with those of the ten white bears they had killed.

Our adventurers arrived safe at Archangel on the 28th of September, 1749, having spent six years and three months in their cruel solitude.

All three on their arrival were strong and healthy; but having lived so long without bread, they could not reconcile themselves to the use of it, and complained that it filled them with wind. Nor could they bear any spirituous liquors, and therefore drank nothing but water.

T H E



THE HAPPY PAIR.

IT was very well said by Montaigne, "That all external acquisitions receive taste and colour from the internal constitution; as clothes give warmth, not from their own heat, but by covering and keeping close the heat that is in ourselves."

Every man's experience will prove the truth of this observation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himself, and observes in others, that without a disposition for happiness, the benefits and blessings of life are bestowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almost happiness enough.

I am led to this thought by the following letter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive, that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it presents us with a very natural picture of domestic happiness, and instructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a-year, I shall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Those who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the rest it is not written.

DEAR SIR, York, June 14, 1751.

The reason that you have not heard from me for these last five weeks is, that the people where
I have

I have been have engrossed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear, that I have lived a complete month with our old friend, the Rector of South-Green, and his honest wife.

You know with what compassion we used to think of them; that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in-it, should foolishly, and at an age when people generally grow wise, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that she, one of the liveliest of women, as well as the finest, should refuse the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor Parson to his living of fifty pounds a-year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience, that we have been pitying the happiest couple of our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

The parish of South-Green is about seventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the most pleasing spot of ground in all Yorkshire — I should have first told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which sum he has converted the old parsonage house into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a Pelham or a Southcote might look upon with pleasure.

The house stands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river, that almost surrounds this little spot, affords them fish at all seasons.

seasons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the house is a little lawn, with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well stocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-house, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a small piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themselves; and in all my life I never eat better.

In the seven years of this retirement, they have so planted their little spot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie altogether, with pasture-ground enough for two horses and as many cows, and the rest arable.— Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickest of any in the country, and within every one of them is a sand-walk, between a double row of flowering shrubs, hardly ever out of blossom. The produce of these fields supplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a surplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the best benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The husband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and she the dairy; and both with such skill and industry, that you would think them educated to nothing else.

Their house consists of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bed-chambers and a servant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the parish, whom they took at eleven years old, and has made the handiest girl imaginable — She is extremely pretty, and might marry herself

to advantage, but she loves her mistress so sincerely, that no temptation is strong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

In this sweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy six years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettiest little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the same softness of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves mischief; but if you tell him an interesting story, he will cry for an hour together. The husband and wife constantly go to bed at ten; and rise at six. The business of the day is commonly finished by dinner time; and all after is amusement and pleasure, without any set forms. They are almost worshipped by the parishioners, to whom the doctor is not only the spiritual director, but the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the steward, the friend, and the cheerful companion. The best people in the country are fond of visiting them; they call it going to see the wonders of Yorkshire, and say that they never eat so heartily as of the Parson's bacon and greens.

I told you, at the beginning of this letter, that they were the happiest couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are so. In the first place, they love and are delighted with each other. A seven years marriage, instead of lessening their affections, has increased them. They wish for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend shewed me his account of expences, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have saved yearly from fifteen shillings to a guinea,

guinea, exclusive of about the same sum, which they distribute among the poor, besides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor says he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they seldom offer it but to the best company, and less than a pound will last them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a present. Their constant drink is small-beer and ale, both of which they brew in the highest perfection. Exercise and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the strife between them is who shall please and oblige most. Their favourite amusement is reading; now-and-then, indeed, our friend scribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a short sermon, or a paper of verses in praise of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is constantly celebrated in this manner: and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is something so sincere and tender in these little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how cheerful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly so much children as themselves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondness never appears before company. I never saw either of them so much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within sight of them; I have stolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witness to such words and looks as have quite melted me.

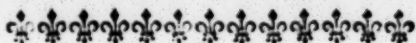
With this couple, and in this retirement, I have passed my time since you heard from me. How happily I need not say; come and be a judge yourself; they invite you most heartily.

One thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happiness that they can compare themselves with the rest of the world, who want minds to enjoy themselves as they do. It rather lessens than increases it. Their own happiness is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wish for in this fifty pounds a-year and one another. They make no boast of themselves, nor find fault with any body. They are sorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from advising me to retire as they have done. I left a bank-note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, inclosed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned me this morning to York, in a manner that pleased me more than all the rest of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could bestow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of last month, and that they found me only a few shillings in their debt. That if I did not think they were a thousand times overpaid by the pleasure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's snuff when I got to London.

I hope soon to see you, and to entertain you by the week with the particulars of the Parson and his wife. Till then,

I am, &c.

A Journey



A Journey to PARIS: in a letter from a COUNTRY 'SQUIRE to his PAPA.

Paris in France, this 16th of June, Annoq. Domini 1749, in the 22d year of King George the second.

Ever-honour'd Sir, MON PERE,

AFTER my humble duty remembred to you, hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing: this is for to let you know, that we left Dover last Tuesday was three weeks, to sail upon the main ocean sea; and having a bloody strong gale of wind, we got to Calais in four hours: but I did not half like it, for I was most consumed sea-sick; and our Dick was so abominatious bad, that I thought he would have been VIVAT REX, and died upon the spot: he had a growling and grumbling in his grisking, and mutted and cast to that degree, as if he would have brought up his very pluck and harflet. We had no sooner landed, but we were hurried to the Governor's, and then to the custom-house, where we had a mortal deal of trouble with my portmanteau; and Dick had like to have lost the bag where was all my clean linnen and old shoes. And, as neither Dick nor I understood then one word of French, we had like to have been bamboozled; but by the help

help of a well-spoken English gentleman, a very handsome-body'd person in the face (whom I found was a drawer at the Silver-lion there), we got out of the scrape, and he very civilly carried us to the house where he had the honour to serve. There we lived in clover; and there I found two English travellers going to Paris; the one a humming young spendthrift, with a blue purple scarlet coat on, all bedizen'd with lace; a silly puppy! that could neither play at putt nor all-tours; but wanted me, forsooth, to play at quadrille, which I knew no more of than the Pope of Rome; so I smelt the lay, and shunn'd him. The other was an Oxford scholar just come from Cambridge, a meer ninny: his first question was, if I was acquainted with the Classicks? and I, in return, asked him if he was acquainted in Essex? and let him know, you was of the QUORUM, and that I was your son and heir: but as for the family of the CLAS-SICKS, I was sure there was no such in our county, or none of any note; upon this he grin'd, and turn'd away upon his heel. And so I found the fellow was a fool; and I was glad I got sheere of him: and resolv'd to keep no English gentlemen company; because, first and foremost, they spend their money at no rate, and I do not desire such conversation, because I know it argues nothing, and their pretences to friendship is nothing but blandation. And I resolving to live within compass (do you see sir), design'd to go to Paris in the waggon. But when I call'd for a reckoning (blood and thunder!) I may say, there was the devil to pay—but as the saying is, "*necessitas non habet legs;*"

legs;" so I paid it with as good a will as if I had swallow'd a hedge-hog.

We set out early one morning in company only with three Frenchmen (very cliver gentlemen indeed!) one of them spoke pretty good, bad English, and had been footman to a half-pay officer; the second was a rope-dancer; and the third taught dogs to set, and the like; but surely they were the most complaisant gentlemen that ever were born or christen'd. Whatever I said, they said so too: if I sneez'd, they bow'd; if I laugh'd, they did the same; if I yawn'd, they stretch'd their jaws, and so forth. We were ten days in getting to Paris, and pass'd thro' many towns and cities: but I knew better than to puzzle my brains to remember their names, which would argue nothing at all, if so be I came for improvement, and the like of that. My fellow-travellers were so mortal civil to me, that I could do no less than bear their expences; however, I lost nothing by it, for in return they taught me French as fast as hops, so that by the time we got to Paris, I could say, "we Mounseer, and non Mounseer," as well as the best of them, and so could our Dick too. But they all said, that they never knew any body that ever learned so much in so short a time, and I am of the same mind too, tho' I say it, that shou'd not say it, and that's a proud word; but mum for that—TACE is Latin for a candle.

At Paris, by advice of my friend the footman, I took lodgings at a friend's of his, at a fix soufe ordinary, up two pair of stairs in a back-lane, because of cheap living. For, thinks I to myself, as I am here to see fashions, I may as well do that

out

out of a window up two pair of stairs, as out of a parlour: and, to save charges, Dick lies with me, but is dismally afraid of spirits, and of things walking, because he cannot speak a bit of Latin.—And, for my own part, I resolve (as the saying is) to keep only the best of company: so I found a sufficient number of very polite gentlemen that lodged in the same house: that is to say, two journey-men tailors (natives of Ireland), two Italian fiddlers, and the chief toad eater to a very noted mountebank! but sure, and sure! had you but seen how they all honour'd, bow'd to, and complimented me, you would have taken your corporal oath, that they were men of quality, and knew that I was somebody.

I have been at Court but once, and I will insure you, I will never go twice; for I think in my heart, that it is as fine a sight to see our-quarter sessions. But it seems my merit could not be hid there: for I am told by one that heard it from the King's corn-cutter, that he was inform'd by one of the pages in waiting, that he thinks he heard the Cardinal say, as how, as he almost thought, that I was somebody of distinction, if the truth was known, and the like of that.

I must not forget to tell you, that they are all here, either Papishes or Roman Catholicks, and I like them at no price: so that when I have seen fashions one week more, I design to return from beyond sea, in order, Sir, to make you a grandfather, if I live and do well, as the saying is. The whole city have their eye upon me, especially the ladies, who I am told are in love with me: and every one says, I am vastly improv'd by travelling;
and

and that I am so witty, and so wise, that they never saw the peer of me in all their born days.— And as I have now seen the world, I hope the gentlemen of the county will be so wise as to put me up for one at the next election. So no more at present, but my love to Tom Jackson, and Goodman Hickumbottom, and to the parson, and his aunt, which is all from,

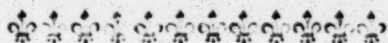
Dear Papa,

Your ever loving Son 'till death,

W. BOOBYKIN.

P. S. Here is a vast cunning man lives at the very next door, he proffers, for a luidore (as they call it), to learn me to make soells and charms, and love-powders, and will teach me to raise the devil into the bargain: which I think may be of great use to me at elections, and in fox-hunting, and so forth. And, as I have a capacity for any witty thing, I have a huge mind to learn: and, he says, if I will turn Papish, he will give me the true receipt to make the Philosopher's stone, that will turn every thing I touch to gold, and silver, and money, and the like: but I shall beg his diversion for that, for I han't a mind to be damn'd at present; and hope I never shall, if I live and do well, and so forth, as the saying is.

W. B——.



An Original LETTER of SIR ROBERT WAL-
POLE's, on the general source of PATRIOTISM
in ENGLAND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your last with much satisfaction, though it contained some little acrimony on my conduct, and easily discovered the greatness of your esteem, notwithstanding it was blended so frequently with reproof.

Indeed, my dear friend, whatever colour my change of principles may wear, or however it may be considered by the generality of people, I have done nothing which every other man in the world would not have done in my situation.—The very best of us are fond of greatness and power in our hearts; and however we may seem to despise either, the contempt never lasts a moment longer than the incapacity to obtain them.—The friendship of a King, the command of his revenues, an opportunity of promoting our friends and triumphing over our enemies, let me tell you, are considerations of no very trifling nature; and the man, in my opinion, must be something more or less than human, wherever they are resisted.—As I have not vanity sufficient to pretend to the first, I have sense enough to avoid the imputation of the latter; and am content with being nothing more
than

than mortal, provided there are no malicious endeavours to make me any thing less.

Popularity, my dear friend, is nothing more than a step-ladder for ambition to reach the summit of place and preferment. We all have our prices, and if it is asked why I continued so long in an opposition to the Court, my answer is this, they did not come up to mine. There is scarcely a member, whose price I do not know to a single six-pence, and whose very soul I could not almost purchase at the first offer.—The reason former ministers have been deceived in this matter is evident; they never considered the tempers of the people they had to deal with. I have known ministers so weak as to offer an avaritious rascal a star and garter; and to think of bribing a profuse young rogue, who set no value upon money, with a lucrative employment—I pursue methods as opposite as the Poles, and consequently my administration must be attended with very different effects.

The people of England are, in general, a set of hot-headed fools, a parcel of sensible coxcombs, who, though perfectly able to examine the bottom of things, never judge farther than the surface.—They know their rights and privileges inviolably safe, and yet they are never easy unless they think them in danger.—It is no way difficult therefore, for an aspiring commoner to take an advantage of this disposition, and to convert their ignorant solicitude for the public emolument entirely to the promotion of his own.—A staunch opposition on two or three questions, right or wrong, to the Court, gets him a name; half a dozen impudent

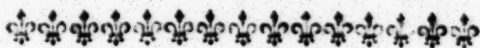
unmeaning speeches, the admiration; and a treasonable pamphlet, the very souls of the people.—Patriotic barbers toast him in ale-houses, public-spirited shoe-makers harangue for him in the streets, and free-born chairmen and house-breakers sing forth his praises in every night-cellar within the bills of mortality.—To quiet the minds of the mob, he gets a place. His own interest then obliges him to join the measures of the Court. Upon this, the golden idol turns instantly to a calf, and leaves the field of preferment to somebody else, who is next to share the admiration, and, in due time, the curses of the vulgar.—I remember I never thought my point completely carried till they clapped me in the Tower.—I looked upon myself then as a made man, and the event fully justified the warmth of my expectations. In reality I know no better friends to the constitution of this country, was it any way in danger, than this set of imaginary patriots:—They struggle very heartily while they are at it, and the moment they are bought off, their preferment inspires others with a view of following their example, in order by the same means to attain the same ends; and thus we always find a succession of zealous patriots, who constantly advance the good of their country by being so very strenuous about their own. But to drop this subject, know, my dear friend, that the constitution of this country is so critically founded, that whatever effects the privileges of the people, will, in a little time, endanger the prerogative of the crown: there is no separate interest for either to consult; and in such a case, no man of sense will dream that the Court
can

can have the least notion of encroaching on the liberties of the subject.

You see, my dear friend, how freely I deal with myself; but, with me, patriotism goes for nothing. There is not this moment one patriot in the house, nor, indeed, is there the least necessity that there should.—Do not deprive me of your good opinion for my candour, but go on to esteem me, and be assured I shall ever remain,

Your most faithful friend,

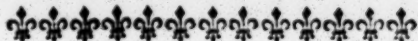
R. WALPOLE.



AN EPIGRAM.

METHINKS 'tis a dramatic age;
 All men are play'rs, the Court the stage.
 There, as it suits the time and place,
 Each takes a different shape or face,
 And deck'd with ribbons, or with lawn,
 They now can strut, and now can fawn.
 Whilst we, poor folks, or populace vile,
 (To speak in Ministerial stile)
 Useful spectators see the play;
 'Tis they that act, but we that pay;
 And when the farce is done amiss,
 'Tis very hard if we mayn't hiss.

THE



THE FRIGHTED FARMER. A TALE.

ONE day an honest Farmer went
 (Roger by name) to pay his rent;
 The Bumkin, in his very best,
 As prim as any Quaker drest,
 Did, with a boorish kind of pride,
 Sure-footed, sturdy Brock bestride.
 His sob replete with glitt'ring pence,
 Gave him an air of confidence;
 But yet it griev'd the Gaffer sore,
 To think how soon the precious ore,
 Must for his Landlord be secur'd,
 By that insatiate leech the Steward;
 The thought e'en pierc'd him to the heart;
 But dearest friends, alas! must part.
 He jogg'd along and shook his head,
 And to himself thus sighing said—

“ Relentless Landlords!—sure, O sure,
 “ If half the ills that we endure,
 “ To you were once but rightly known,
 “ To us some mercy wou'd be shewn;
 “ You wou'd not seize upon the spoil,
 “ The product of our endless toil;
 “ Nor thus ingross the annual gains,
 “ Of all our great incessant pains.
 “ But ah! ye little know the care,
 “ The slavish life, the slender fare,

“ The

“ The coarse conveniencies, the crosses,
“ The vast expences, various losses,
“ To which poor Farmers are expos’d—
✓ “ Were this but thoroughly disclos’d,
“ You wou’d not sure so ill requite us,
“ Nor with foul Pettifoggers fright us.
“ But—we must strive to be content,
“ Prove honest men—and pay our rent;
“ Then shall we need to fear no evil,
“ Nor dread to face the very d——!”

He spoke;—with harness’d heel taen spur’d
Poor Brock, and made him grun and gurd.
But hold—to hinder rash reflection,
I’ll obviate here a small objection.

You’ll wonder, ’till you’ve been acquainted,
Why Roger seem’d so discontented;
But let my courteous reader know,
This happen’d many years ago—
When Lawyers, an infernal band!
Like locusts overspread the land;
When pride and luxury the realm,
And gen’ral want did overwhelm;
When trade was low, and taxes high,
And Britain scarce had one ally;
’Tis odds (tho’ not to one quite twenty)
That had he seen these times of plenty,
And been our blest contemporary,
Hodge had not seem’d in such quandary.

At length arriving at the ’Squire’s,
He for his Landlord straight inquires;
Dismounts, and gives the horse some hay,
And tow’rds the house then takes his way.
Into the Steward’s hall he’s led,
Where, tho’ not o’er genteelly bred,

Hodge

Hodge to the Bailiff makes a bow,
As nicely as he well knew how :
(The cringing beau and lawless rake,
To Rustics shou'd allowance make)
This done—the fumbling lab'ring lout,
The loaded leathern-purse lugs out,
Emptys the glitt'ring splendid store,
Which with great care is counted o'er.—

The Steward gives him a receipt,
The Cook, his belly-full of meat ;
Nor does the jolly Butler fail,
To bring in jugs of nappy ale :
Hodge smoak's his pipe, and freely drinking.
Forgot his purse had quite done chinking.

By fellow-farmers now beset
(Upon the like occasion met),
With them he falls into discourse,
Tells 'em where Bess and Star took horse ;
For seed-corn what one made him pay,
And how he sold last market-day—
Talks of manuring, plowing, sowing,
Of harrowing, rowling, reaping, mowing—
What management does good—what harm,
And how he has improv'd his farm.

Quite merry, he proceeds to quaff,
And oft sets up a loud horse-laugh ;
With roaring voice essays to sing,
And grows as happy as a King.

Now,—now,—he's almost overcome !
'Tis now high-time to think of home ;
He rises—takes his leave of all,
And tries to stand—but fears to fall :
Then bending tow'rs the block his course,
From thence he mounts upon his horse :

Alone

Alone he budg'd; for, lack-a-day,
 The rest all gang'd a diff'rent way;
 And yet he went not quite alone,
 As in the sequel shall be shewn;
 For one got up—you'll quickly find—
 (By him tho' unobserv'd) behind.
 Now on he jogs with great content,
 Rejoic'd at having paid his rent;
 But having partly got his load,
 In an unsteady manner rode;
 Lean'd this way, that way, backward, forward,
 Nor deem'd it proper now to spur hard;
 For tho' he was not fairly fuddled,
 Hodge felt himself a little muddled.

Pot-valiant grown, courageous Roger
 Thought he cou'd make a special soldier;—
 Valu'd no mortal of a louse—and
 Of foes cou'd kill—at least, a thousand.

But all this valour nought avail'd him,
 Alas!—his courage quickly fail'd him.
 Tho' strongly arm'd with stout October,
 A hearty fright soon made him sober,
 And chas'd away the drowsy god,
 Which now and then had forc'd a nod.
 For passing o'er a dreary green,
 Where dreadful spectres had been seen,
 (By crazy coxcombs half a sleep)
 Poor Roger sideway chanc'd to peep;
 This he no sooner dar'd to do,
 But O!—he saw—('tis very true)
 He saw—a sad tremendous fight,
 That caus'd his hair to stand upright!
 A fight,—that well-nigh made him swoon,
 So clearly shone the splendid moon.

N n

He

He saw—a shocking kind of shade—
 I mean not that his body made,
 For O! besides he saw another,
 That made him tremble, quake, and shudder.
 Softly he turn'd his head—and then
 He look'd—and turn'd—and look'd again.
 The man was in a muck-wet sweat,
 To think of what behind him sat;
 And wonder'd in the name of G—d,
 What rueful creature with him rode,
 Which cast—he horribly suspected,
 The monstrous shade he saw projected.
 Himself he blesses,—and at length
 Resuming courage, sense, and strength,
 He o'er one shoulder glanc'd:—but O!
 What horror did he undergo,
 When plainly thus reveal'd to fight,
 He look'd upon th' infernal sprite!

And now forsooth to make appear,
 The cause of all this pannic fear,
 Know then there was where Hodge had been,
 Tho' ne'er before by Roger seen,
 I say—there liv'd at this same hall,
 A thing that men—a Monkey call
 (For great folks then, all must allow,
 Odd fav'rites had as well as now).
 To please the lady Pug was kept,
 And he to please himself had leapt
 Behind poor Roger on the horse,
 Of what ensu'd—this, this the source.

Let's now return to that same wight
 We left in such a woeful plight;
 At sight of this tremendous Monkey,
 How did he stare!—and O—how stu—k he!

For

For ev'ry time the poor man started,
 It seems he somewhat more than t-rt-d.
 Hodge ne'er had seen (nor had his wife)
 So strange a thing in all his life;
 And having once of this foul Imp's
 Uncouth grimace receiv'd a glimpse;
 At this first interview (O sad!)
 That Roger and the Monkey had;
 Hack-hack-cack-keck, the Goblin cry'd,
 And grin'd in grizzly sort beside.
 O!—how did then the poor man pant,
 How mend his pace:—says he avaunt!
 Satan, avaunt!—thee I resist
 (He spoke—and felt himself bep-*st*).
 And do thou, Satan—from me—fly,
 Satan, avaunt!—I thee—defy—
 Thee I—defy!—then let—me go—
 I am,—as all—my neighbours know,
 A righteous man—and good psalm-singer,
 Nor long to pay my rent—e'er linger.
 Beginning now to feel the spur,
 Brock gallop'd wi' th' wrong foot before;
 And Pug around poor Roger's neck
 Clasp'ing his paws, cry'd—hack, hack, keck.
 Self-preservation is by nature
 The bent of ev'ry living creature;
 'Tis common for the worst of elves,
 T' endeavour to secure themselves.
 The Farmer, frighted worse than ever,
 All o'er like aspen leaf did shiver,
 And he who lately did so goller,
 Strove now to say the Pater-noster.
 Like culprit mounted on the ladder,
 Stamm'ring, says he—" Our fa-fa-father

Which art—in ha-ha-heaven—(oh!
 Satan, avaunt!—and let me go),
 Hall ha-ha-hallowed be thy name
 (To drink so much—I was to blame),
 Thy king—thy ke-ke-kingdom—come
 (O that—I were but safe—at home).”

Thus pray'd poor Hodge and homeward hy'd,
 Thus Pug with hack-hack keck reply'd,
 And held him by the Farmer fast,
 Who, heav'n be prais'd, got home at last.

Roger forthwith began to roar—
 Open, dear wife, at once, the door,
 Make haste!—make haste!—or I'm undone;
 Joan came as fast as she cou'd run:
 She star'd to see the monster Pug
 So closely thus her husband hug,
 Thus hang behind like any knapsack,
 And in such horrid sort his chops hack.
 O! come and help, sweet wife!—O hie thee!
 Says Hodge—Sa-Satan, I defy thee!
 With goggling eyes and screaming tone,
 And I defy thee too—says Joan:
 Nay—and to let the de'il in loth
 Straight flams the door, and with an oath
 Adds—faith! and I defy you both. }
 Alas!—misfortune on misfortune!—
 In vain does Hodge his wife importune,
 That in such need she'd not forsake him,
 But e'en for she the de'il might take him,
 What, what must now of him become!
 Arriv'd, but O! not safe at home.
 He got as well as he was able—
 He knew not how—into the stable,

Accompny'd

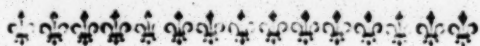
Accomp'ny'd by his foul familiar,
Nor ever in his life look'd fillier.
O dear!—what must the man do now?
He sobs and stares and kens the mow;
To scramble up the cratch then strives,
Fear gives him strength and fatan drives.
Unhappy Hodge!—think what you list on't—
Joan prov'd a most unmeet assistant;
In troth he well might weep and wail,
To see his bosom-friend turn tail.
O'er head in hay now forc'd to creep—
Yet cou'd not cry himself a sleep,
But watch'd and pray'd and quack'd all night,
And thought of nothing but the sprite.
Thus weltring in his muck he lay,
And long'd most ardently for day:
Mean while the dire tremendous stranger,
Lodg'd harmless underncath the manger.

The welcome morn arrives at last—
And early comes in murrain-haste,
A trusty servant from the 'Squires,
Who for eloping Pug inquires;
For one forsooth had call'd to mind,
He'd seen him sliely mount behind
Poor honest Hodge—Pug o'er and o'er
The like had practis'd heretofore,
And near the block it seems th' inchanter,
Happen'd that night incog. to saunter;
But who'd ha' thought this grim gallant,
Wou'd e'er ha' prov'd so complaisant—
Been thus dispos'd so far to roam,
And wait upon the Farmer home?

In short—(tho' I must own my metre
Both shorter might ha' been and sweeter)

The

The 'Squire had his Monkey again—
 Roger got rid of all his pain;
 Was really frightened more than hurt,
 Requir'd, with shame, a cleaner shirt:
 And as himself he went to mixen,
 Curst all the way the vagrant vixon.



ONE INSTANCE of a MAN'S being HONEST.

SOME time since, a country gentleman of good understanding, but a little antiquated in his dress and deportment, walked into the quadrangle of a College, in one of our famous Universities, to view the building. His uncouth garb drew round him several of the young students, who, as they are too apt to misplace their wit, as well as their time and money, began to banter, or, which is a more fashionable word, to humbug the good old gentleman, on account of his dress.

This was observed by a young student, reading at one of the windows, who perceiving that the poor old gentleman was greatly embarrassed, came down to his relieve. He rallied his brother students sufficiently, yet in a manner, and with a grace, that bespoke the man of sense and politeness. He told them, their behaviour was base, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that he was ashamed any of his associates should be so remarkably depraved. That if they considered themselves as scholars and gentlemen, they should

act

act consistently with that character, but if they preferred the name of buffoon to that of a fine gentleman, they had better change their garb, and barter the gown for a coat of many colours. At this they all departed, and most of them with seeming concern; for virtue will ever be secretly esteemed and admired, even by the most abandoned. After they were dispersed, Leontine (for that was the young gentleman's name) took the stranger by the hand, desired that he would refresh himself with a glass of wine, and at the same time begged of him not to take any bad impression of that University, from the rude sample he had received. The good old gentleman, without hesitation, accepted of the favour: and after he was sufficiently refreshed, Leontine shewed him every thing that was worthy his notice in the University. By the observations and reflections which Arcaſto made (for so we shall call the old gentleman) Leontine found that he was a man of exquisite taste and judgment, and of a chearful disposition. What he had of the old man in him appeared rather as a foil to set off his other excellent qualities; and notwithstanding the great disparity in their age, Leontine thought himself happy in his acquaintance. As the town was at that time very full, and the accommodations at the inn but indifferent, Leontine entreated Arcaſto to make use of his apartment during his stay at the University; assuring him at the same time, that it would be no inconvenience, for that he had the liberty of another gentleman's room, who was absent. Little ceremony should be used between gentlemen of sense and learning. The business of politeness is

to render us agreeable, not troublesome; and therefore Arcaſto, after ſome little hesitation, thankfully accepted the favour. When he left the Univerſity he embraced Leontine, and gave him a ſtrong invitation to his country ſeat, which requeſt was ſoon after repeated by a letter, attended with a conſiderable preſent. Leontine, the next vacation, returned the old gentleman's viſit, and was received with all the tender tokens of friendſhip and eſteem. At his firſt entrance he was ſtruck with the ſpendor and magnificence of the houſe, the furniture, and the attendants, and had the pleaſure to find that his friend was a man of much greater conſequence than he imagined. After the old gentleman had talked ſome little time to Leontine, and given him ſeveral affectionate looks, and friendly ſhakes of the hand, he introduced him to his daughter, who was indeed a beauty inferior to none in that country. After dinner they took a turn in the garden, where Leontine was ſurpriſed to ſee how the dædal hand of nature was improved by the aid of art. That every thing might wear the face of nature, all exotics were excluded, to make room for plants of our own growth. The thorn, the haſel, and even the bramble, had a place among the reſt. There was a delightful and juſt irregularity in the trees, ſome whereof towered their tops to the clouds, while others humbly ſubmitted to their ſuperiors, and bowed themſelves beneath their branches.— His ſtatues were not placed at the extremity of an avenue, or to terminate a walk, but hid themſelves among the trees and the underwoods. Thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his riches,

Arcaſto

Arcaſto made every thing more agreeable, and more ſuperb and grand. Through theſe trees, loaded with pippins and pears, you might ſee Pomona. Flora had hid herſelf in a large buſh of roſes, jeſſamin, and honeysuckles; ſurrounded with tulips, pinks, and carnations; Sylvanus was retired into a thicket of trees. Dianna, out of regard to her chaſtity, was cloathed ſo thick, you could hardly ſee her; and Bacchus was rejoicing under a vine.

In the middle of the garden was a ſort of wilderneſs, or thicket of trees and ſhrubs; where Arcaſto, at the requeſt of his daughter (who was his only child), had creſted a little hovel, in form of a ruined cottage. The inſide of it was cieled with moſs, and the outside over-run with a thick ivy, that afforded a ſafe aſylum for the birds, eſpecially the ſmaller ſort, which were ſeen in great numbers, and were the only inhabitants of the place, except the young lady, Miſs Clora, who ſpent great part of her time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught them to hop round her like ſo many tame doves. Kindneſs and conſtancy will tame the fierceſt animals; and it is perhaps owing to our cruelty, that we are abandoned by thoſe agreeable companions. While Leontine was admiring the ruſticity of the hovel, and the harmony of the birds, Clora reached an ivory flagellèt, and played ſeveral ſhort tunes, which, to Leontine's great ſurprize, were repeated by ſome bull-finches, and imitated by other birds. It was impoſſible to enter this retired place without being charmed, and eſpecially with the divine Clora, who had the art of making every thing ſurpaſſingly

passingly agreeable. Leontine, the moment he saw her, was struck with admiration, which, by Clora's good sense, and engaging behaviour, was soon converted into a violent flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had reason to believe, from the manner in which she entertained him, and her behaviour, that she herself was in the same situation. There are certain indelible characters in every face, which, when compared with the actions of the party, will to a nicety discover the sentiments of the heart: for, as a certain great general and politician observes, it is much easier for a man to command a large army, than the muscles of his own face; and a lady of Clora's good sense must undoubtedly have drawn the same conclusion of her lover. Leontine's honour, and the friendship he bore to her father, would not permit him to make any advances without his consent, which he endeavoured to ask, but was still intimidated by the inequality of their fortunes. A man of sense is never so much at a loss for words as in matters of love. Arcaſto, however, was a gentleman of too much good sense and penetration, not to perceive from his manner, and the interruptions in his discourse, that something of this sort was labouring in his breast; and, to relieve him from the perplexity, and save him the pain of a blush, the old gentleman asked him, if any thing he was possessed of could make him happier? and generously bade him speak, without fear or ceremony. Leontine immediately unboſomed himself; and good old Arcaſto, without making any reply, led him by the hand to Clora, who was then in the garden, and saluting her, said, "My dear child,

this

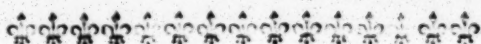
this is the only gentleman in the world to whom I am ambitious of being related; and if you can approve of him for a husband, it will greatly add to my felicity;" and then turning short, left them together.

The manner of Arcaſto's making this propoſal to his daughter (though it proceeded from candour and generoſity, and was the overflowings of his friendſhip and good nature), gave Clora ſome reaſon to apprehend, that this courtſhip was concerted between her father and Leontine at their laſt interview; and that the paſſion the young gentleman expreſſed for her, might not ariſe ſo much from a conſideration of her perſonal merit, as her plentiful fortune. She was therefore determined to be ſatiſfied in this point, before ſhe gave Leontine any hopes of ſucceſs; and, as they walked together in the garden, ſhe made no reply to any thing he ſaid for near an hour: and before they left the garden, as he earneſtly entreated to know the cauſe of her grief, ſhe fell upon her knees, and begged of him, if he had the leaſt regard for her future welfare, to forbear any farther ſolicitations; adding withal, that this reſuſal did not proceed from any diſlike ſhe had to his perſon or character, but was in conſequence of her being previously engaged, unknown to her father, to a young gentleman who had been viſiting in that neighbourhood, and was then in London. This was the ſevereſt ſhock Leontine had ever felt.— He ſtood motionleſs for ſome time, and was unable to make her any reply. At laſt, collecting all his ſpirits, and ſentiments of honour and generoſity, he with tears told her, that whatever his fate

might be, his love for her, and his friendship for her good father, would not permit him to attempt any thing that might give her a moment's uneasiness; and that he would not only decline his own suit, but endeavour to obtain her father's consent, for her to marry the man to whom she was so solemnly engaged. From this time Leontine grew very pensive and melancholy, but did not forget his promise to Clora; and having obtained her father's consent for her to marry the person she mentioned, he one evening gave it her in the garden, assuring her, at the same time, that he therewith surrendered his peace, and every thing that was dear and valuable to him on earth; and after he had embraced her, retired with precipitation. Clora, though she perceived him trembling and cold at the time he left her, took the other turn in the garden, to enjoy this ill-timed artifice; for she was under no engagement to any one, but, on the contrary, was deeply enamoured with Leontine, was determined to marry him, and only made use of this artifice, as I have already observed, to try his affection. She enjoyed this the more, as it raised him in her esteem, and convinced her of his truth and fidelity. But while she was thus heaping up happiness to herself, her father called to know what had been done, that Leontine should himself take his horse out of the stable and ride away, even after it was dark, without so much as taking leave of him, or speaking to any of the family. Here all the woman was alarmed: Her piles of promised joy and pleasure vanished, and her whole thoughts were now employed for the recovery of the lost Leontine. To her father she discovered

discovered the whole affair, who was greatly enraged at her indiscretion, and much affected at the loss of his friend. Messengers were sent to all the places in the neighbourhood where they knew he was acquainted, and another dispatched to the University. Her tears were yet more increased and multiplied by a violent tempest which then arose, of the most terrible thunder and lightning, attended with both hail and rain, and which she supposed would overtake him before he could possibly get over the plains. The quarrel between her father and she had rendered a separate apartment necessary; there she remained inconsolable till the messenger returned, without any tidings of Leontine, and then hysterics confined her to her bed. This brought on a reconciliation with good old Arcasto, who seeing his daughter so ill, would not leave her day nor night, and impatiently waited to hear from Leontine. After they had remained in this perplexed and miserable state near a fortnight, a gentleman's servant came one morning, just as they had raised the poor lady to give her a jelly, with a letter directed to Miss Clora, and to be delivered into her hands only. The old gentleman, when he saw the letter (concluding it must come from Leontine), sprung from his chair with joy; and, snatching it from the servant, ran to Clora, kissed her, and put the letter into her hand. She, ready to devour it with eagerness, cried out, my Leontine! my Leontine! and, breaking it open, after a short pause, in which I perceived her soul labouring with something too great for utterance, cried ha! his will!—his will!—and died away. I was myself too much affected

to observe how good old Arcaſto received this ſhock; and my indiſpoſition obliged me to leave the room; but in the afternoon I had the miſfortune to hear that the poor old gentleman was confined to his chamber, and attended by three phyſicians; and that the unhappy Clora had loſt the uſe of her reaſon, and raved to an amazing degree.



The GENEROSITY of an injured DAUGHTER.

A TRUE STORY.

FILIAL piety is a flower of ſo delicate a nature, that we meet but very few places which can produce it; and though we frequently hear of parents who ruin themſelves for the ſake of their children, yet, we ſeldom or ever hear of children who do any extraordinary acts of kindneſs to their parents.—Perhaps nature has formed the parental ſenſibility infinitely more exquisite than the filial, and, for ſome wiſe purpoſe, implanted a much greater fondneſs on our minds for thoſe we beget and educate, than for thoſe by whom we are begotten and educated ourſelves; at leaſt cuſtom has firmly eſta bliſhed ſuch different ſentiments relative to the behaviour of parent and child, that it is thought a matter of the higheſt praiſe in a wealthy ſon to ſettle a paltry fifty pounds for life on a diſtreſſed and worthy father; but an
action

action of little or no merit in a father to settle twenty times the sum upon an indigent son. The following exception to the foregoing position, will, I flatter myself, prove no disagreeable relation to my readers :

An eminent merchant, whose name I think necessary to conceal under that of Webley, married a most amiable woman, with whom he received a considerable fortune, and by whom he was blest in the first year with a daughter, called Maria: Mrs. Webley however unhappily catching a cold during the time of her lying in, did not long survive the birth of her child, but died in about three months after; with her last breath conjuring her husband to be particularly attentive to the welfare of the unfortunate little Maria.

Mr. Webley for two years before his marriage had been connected with a subtle designing woman, by whom he also had a daughter, nor did his having a wife put an end to the guilty intercourse: under pretence of important business, he frequently staid in town with her a night or two in the week, while Mrs. Webley was down at the country-house in Hertfordshire; and as frequently carried her into the country with him, whenever he knew his lady could not conveniently leave town:—His marriage, in fact, was rather an engagement of interest, than an union of inclination; and Mrs. Webley's fortune enabled him to live up to the summit of his wishes; the moment she was interred, he thought there was no farther necessity for restraint or disguise.—In short, six weeks had scarcely elapsed, when he married the abandoned woman we have been speaking of, and pitched upon

upon the most profligate of her sex, to supply the place of the very best.

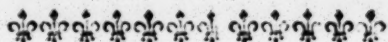
We shall pass over the time of Maria's infancy, when she experienced little more than the diminutive cruelty of a narrow-minded mother-in-law, and come at once to that period, which may be justly reckoned the most important of her life: she had just entered on her eighteenth year, and was blooming into all the perfections of her sex, when Mrs. Webley began to think of executing a scheme which she had long in agitation.—She saw Maria treated by every body with the greatest respect, and beheld her own daughter, though dressed out in all the fashionable foppery of the times, and infinitely more attended to, received with a degree of insipid civility, that bordered upon contempt. The shameful neglect which Maria experienced at home, gave a constant lustre to her merit when abroad, and if she found no kind of countenance in her own family, she met with the highest in every other place.—This was a circumstance which galled Mrs. Webley to the very soul, and being moreover fearful that the regard so universally shewn to Maria, would be a means of obstructing any favourable addresses which might be made to her own daughter, she took a speedy opportunity of quarrelling with that unhappy young lady, and being, as the generality of those of her principles most commonly are, both master and mistress of the house, very fairly turned her out of doors.—Maria was not however destitute of a protector, though she had lost a father.—A young gentleman, with a good understanding and a splendid estate, who had long solicited her favourable opinion, and

and gained it, took that opportunity of pressing for her hand, and was made the happiest of men.

Maria was married about five years, during which time, though she had often entreated for a reconciliation, she never could be admitted to the presence of her father; when, taking up the *Gazette* one Saturday evening, she met with his name amongst the list of bankrupts, and instantly fainted on the floor; she was however soon brought to herself, when, forgetting in a moment how she had been turned out upon the charity of an inhospitable world, and exposed to the most pinching poverty and disgrace; how for a series of years she had been treated as an alien to her father's family, and even denied the most trivial necessities, while strangers were riotting on her mother's fortune; she flew to her husband, whose happiness was centred in obliging her, and painting out the miserable situation of her father, obtained his consent to settle three hundred a-year out of a sum which he would allow her for pin-money, on him, to alleviate so distressing an incident. With this she immediately took coach, and proceeded to her father's; the door was now thrown open at her approach; and being introduced to the old gentleman's presence, they gazed upon one another for some moments, and then burst into a mutual flood of tears.

Mr. Webley's misfortunes had opened his eyes to the strangeness of his conduct, and nobody could be more ready to condemn it than himself. What then must we judge his emotions to be, when a daughter, whom he had left destitute of bread, came to offer him a genteel allowance for

life; and the same eyes which he had steeped in tears of the keenest distress, came to fill his with drops of unutterable joy; his gratitude as a man, his feelings as a father, instantly rushed upon his soul; he dried his eyes, looked full in his daughter's face for some moments, then capering about the room with the phrenzy of a bedlamite, burst afresh into tears. Suffice it, however, that after his affairs were settled, he retired into the country, upon this yearly allowance, but did not live long enough to enjoy the first quarter: the mortification of being a bankrupt, the consciousness of his family errors, and finally, the very generosity of his daughter, which was intended to sweeten the remainder of his life, proved a means of hurrying him to his end; the agitation of his mind threw the gout in his stomach, and he died in Maria's arms, in the fiftieth year of his age. His wife and daughter now thought themselves utterly undone; but Maria, with a greatness of mind peculiar to herself, in an instant dispelled their apprehensions by a continuation of two-hundred a-year, during her life, and without ever stooping to hint any thing of their former behaviour, told them, that they must consider it as no compliment, since she looked upon it as an indispensable duty, which she ought to pay to the memory of her father.



ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF LIFE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensinah, left the Caravanfera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw on his right hand a grove, that seemed to wave its shades, as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with

flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and he was pleased that by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the musick of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and open road, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circulations.

volutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the earth, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage, and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered thro' the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer
to

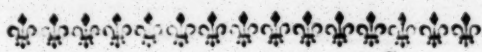
to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me, said the hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thine heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security.

ty. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure: we approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance, and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that tho' the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted, but the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself

to the care of omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."



REFLECTIONS upon FORTITUDE, with remarkable instances of this quality in the SAVAGES of AMERICA.

FORTITUDE and constancy of mind are qualities to which every nation, in proportion as it is civilized, lays a formidable claim, and to which however, very few, were we to examine the matter thoroughly, can have any tolerable pretension, besides the compliment which on those occasions, each is so extremely liberal in paying to itself. In fact, it might not be difficult to prove, from every day's experience, that the propagation of the sciences, while they improve, generally enervate the mind, and that true fortitude and constancy of soul, are more the result of a self-approving conscience, than the effect of an excellent understanding.

A number of philosophers, who have astonished the world with the greatness of their genius, and the extent of their reading, might talk very prettily on this subject, but when they came once to put any of their own lessons into practice, this boasted resolution, of which they imagined themselves possessed, disappeared in an instant, and
from

from deserving the universal admiration of mankind, they became entitled to nothing but an absolute contempt. Cicero, in his orations, might express the greatest disregard of death he pleased, and tell us that a man should not hesitate a moment in sacrificing his life for the good of his country; but the orator found the practice infinitely harder than the precept, and leagued himself with the enemies of the public after all, in hope of saving the life, which he affected so highly to despise.

Who could talk better upon the virtues, or give more excellent lessons of morality than our own countryman, my Lord St. Albans, yet who, when he fell from the pinnacle of honour and preferment, ever shewed a greater servility of mind, or took more infamous methods to repair his shattered fortune?—The most scandalous adulation that could be paid at court, he was constantly paying; and notwithstanding after his disgrace he was writing a book, which confers an honour on human nature, yet his intervals were taken up in defending every pernicious measure of the crown, and employed in destroying the liberty of his country. Need the cause of his disgrace be mentioned here to prove, that notwithstanding his wonderful abilities, he wanted fortitude to resist the force of a trifling sum of money, and honesty to discharge the important duties of his trust? or what shall we say of a man, who, while he was establishing the highest testimony of human genius, for two or three hundred pounds erected an everlasting monument of human baseness too. In reality, science and understanding, can do nothing more than

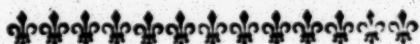
teach our constancy and fortitude a nobler way of appearing, the qualities themselves must proceed from a firmer foundation than both—The wisdom of Socrates gave a manner to his fortitude, which left an irresistible charm in his death, but the fortitude itself proceeded not from the excellence of his understanding, but the goodness of his heart.

But to prove beyond a possibility of dispute, that a knowledge of the sciences has nothing to do in the qualities under consideration, let us only refer to the behaviour of a poor Indian, as related by Lafitaw, taken in battle by his enemies, and condemned as a sacrifice to the manes of such as either he himself or his countrymen destroyed in the field:—The moment he is condemned, he opens his death song, and is fastened to a stake, the chiefs of the nation which has taken him, sitting round a fire, and smoaking all the time.—Such as choose to be concerned in the execution, begin with torturing at the extremities of his body, till by degrees they approach the trunk; one pulls off all his nails from the roots; another takes a finger and tears off the flesh with his teeth; a third takes the finger thus mangled, and thrusts it into the head of a pipe made red hot, and smoaks it like tobacco; others cut and slash the fleshy parts of his body, and sear the wounds immediately up with burning irons; some strip the skin off his head, and pour boiling lead upon it; others tear the flesh entirely from his arms, and twist the bare tendrils and sinews round red hot irons, twisting and snapping at the same time; some pound his fingers and toes to pieces between two stones, others all the

the while distending and stretching every limb and joint, to encrease the inconceivable horror of his pains. During this, the miserable sufferer sometimes rendered insensible by the torture, falls into so profound a sleep, that they are obliged to apply a fire to recover him, and untie him, to give a breathing to the fury of their own revenge.—Again he is tied, and his teeth drawn one by one, his eyes beat out, and not one trace of humanity left in his visage; in this situation, all over one continued mummy, one inexpressible wound, they beat him from one to another with clubs; the wretch now up now down, falling in their fires at every step, till at last, wearied out with cruelty, some of their chiefs put an end, with a dagger, to his sufferings, and terminates the execution, which often lasts five or six hours, by ordering on the kettle and making a feast as horrid and barbarous as their revenge.

But what renders this more surprising, is a contest, which subsists all the time, between the sufferer and them, whether he has most fortitude in bearing, or they ingenuity in aggravating his pangs; at every interval they give him, he smokes unconcerned with the rest, without one murmur or shadow of a groan, recounts what exploits he has done, and tells them how many of their countrymen he has killed, in order to encrease their fury; nay he reproaches them with an ignorance of torturing, and points out such parts of his body himself, as are more exquisitely sensible of pain—The women have this part of courage with the men, and incredible soever as such an astonishing constancy of mind may appear, it would be as odd

to see one of these people suffer in another manner, as it would be to find an European who could suffer with any thing like their fortitude; an inflexible uniformity to the principles in which they are bred is the occasion of this fortitude, and without one spark of learning, occasions a behaviour, which distances the most celebrated stories of antiquity, and baffles the profoundest lessons of all the philosophers.



A TALE OF THE TRAVELLERS.

A GOOD repute, a virtuous name,
 Philosophers set forth
 As the unerring path to fame,
 If fame consists in worth.

This precious ointment gently shed,
 O'er mental ill prevails;
 And where the fragrant med'cine spread
 It animates and heals.

Yet hard it is to use it right,
 Tho' beautiful to view,
 It shines distinguishingly bright,
 How transitory too!

Like glass it glitters, soon 'tis crackt,
 Irreparably frail;
 All moralists allow the fact,
 So I apply the tale.

When

When things inanimate cou'd speak,
FIRE once agreed with WATER,
A friendly jant one day to take,
But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd, that the day before
Each left their different station,
They chose a third, worth twenty more,
And that was REPUTATION.

The three companions now reflect,
If chance shou'd once divide 'em,
How each their letters might direct,
Or who shou'd surest guide 'em.

Says WATER,—Friends, you'll hear my name,
Tho' lost upon a mountain;
Enquire at any murmuring stream,
Or seek me in a fountain:

Sometimes from deep cascades I pour,
Thro' meadows gently glide;
I drop a dew, descend a shower,
Or thunder in a tide:

Where marshes stagnate, bogs extend,
Green reeds and turfy fods
Direct a path to meet your friend;
A path the bull-rush nods.

Your restless make, quoth FIRE, I know,
Just like your parent ocean:
I love to rove as well as you,
My life consists in motion.

In Poets all my marks you'll see,
 Since smoak and flash reveal me;
 Suspect me always near Nat Lee,
 E'en Blackmore can't conceal me.

In Milton's page I glow by art,
 One flame intense and even:
 In Shakespear's blaze, a sudden start,
 Like light'ning flash'd from heaven.

In many more, as well as they,
 Thro' various forms I shift;
 I'm gently lambent while a Gay,
 But brightest when a Swilt.

From smoak sure tidings you may get,
 It can't subsist without me;
 Or find me, like some fond coquet,
 With fifty sparks about me.

The best of slaves I'm call'd by men,
 When bound in proper durance;
 But if I once do mischief, then
 I'm heard of at th' Insurance.

Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
 How happy in each other!
 Such signal marks must surely guide
 Each straggler to his brother.

'Tis I alone must be undone,
 Such ill has fate design'd me;
 If I be lost, 'tis ten to one
 You never more will find me.

CARE



CARE AND GENEROSITY.

A FABLE.

OLD Care, with industry and art,
At length so well had play'd his part,
He heap'd up such an ample store,
That av'rice could not sigh for more:
Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
His coffers overflow'd with gold;
The land all round him was his own,
With corn his crowded gran'ries groan.
In short, so vast his charge and gain,
That to possess them was a pain;
With happiness o'erprest he lies,
And much too prudent to be wise.

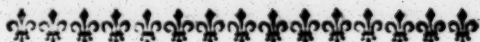
Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
With all the charms of youth array'd;
Good, am'able, sincere and free,
Her name was GENEROSITY.
'Twas her's the largest to bestow
On rich and poor, on friend and foe;
Her doors to all were open'd wide,
The pilgrim there might safe abide:
For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
There sickness laid her aching head,
And there distress cou'd find a bed—
Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
Diffus'd the blessings round the land;

Her

Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale pen'ry seiz'd the dame,
 And fortune fled, and ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.—
 All blam'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before.
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo! to comfort her, came CARE,—
 And cry'd, my dear, if you will join
 Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 All will be well—you shall have store,
 And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.—
 Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 You still shall act the gen'rous part.—
 The bridal came—great was the feast,
 And good the pudding, and the priest:
 The bride in nine months brought him forth
 A little maid, of matchless worth:
 Her face was mix'd of care and glee
 They christen'd her Œconomy,
 And stil'd her fair Discretion's queen,
 The mistress of the golden mein.
 Now GENEROSITY, confin'd,
 Is perfect easy in her mind;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from CARE.



The



The following is part of a DIALOGUE between
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq. whose Works are
universally admired, and the late celebrated
EARL BATHURST; which serve to commemo-
rate the worthy Actions of Mr. JOHN KYRLE,
generally known by the title of the MAN OF
ROSS.

POPE. **T**HE sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with œconomy, magnificence;
With spendor, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

BATHURST. To worth or want well-weigh'd,
be bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

R r

POPE.

POPE. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles
eats?

The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a fiddler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And Angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet a while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the water's flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of ROSS," each lisping bade replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.

Is

Is any sick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
It there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an useless race.

BATH. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

POPE. Of debts and taxes, wife and children
clear,
This man possess—five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw
your blaze!

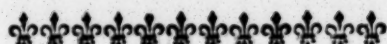
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

BATH. And what? no monument, inscription,
stone*?

His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

POPE. Who builds a church to God, and not
to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

* He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the Chancel of the Church of Ross, in Herefordshire.—To whose Memory the late THEOPHILUS MEREDITH, Rector of Ross, erected an elegant Monument.



Frankness in a LADY, and Generosity in a LOVER,
happily rewarded.

ABOUT ten years ago a gentleman of considerable family in Ireland, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Butler, being over on an excursion to London, he accidentally dined at a friend's house in Pall-mall, where he fell passionately in love with a young lady, whom I must be equally free in concealing under the name of Lambton.

Mr. Butler communicated his sentiments to his friend, who happened to be a relation of Miss Lambton's, and requested his good offices with the lady. The friend, who knew Mr. Butler to be a most deserving young fellow, and was sensible that in point of birth and fortune he had considerable advantages over his fair relation, was overjoyed at the proposal, and, communicating it to her father next morning, poor Miss Lambton received positive orders to prepare for Mr. Butler's visit that very afternoon.

Mr. Butler came dressed, and a finer figure perhaps was not to be found within the bills of mortality; he wanted but half an inch of six feet, and was made in a manner remarkably manly, without running into any thing unweildily clumsy, or awkwardly robust: his face was distinguished with a set of strong marking lines; each feature, to use the Poet's expression, "was expanded with soul,"
and

and breathed the inexpressible somewhat which discovers the man of fashion at the first glance: he came in a suit of pompadour velvet, richly embroidered with silver, and seemed as well calculated, in fact, to succeed with a fine lady, as the most celebrated of his countrymen.

Being left designedly alone with Miss Lambton after tea-time, he began in a very sensible and polite manner to make a declaration of his sentiments; but had scarcely uttered a sentence, when the young lady interrupted him, and begged his attention for a few words; he made a low bow; and she addressed him to the following purport: "I am but too apprehensive, Sir, on what account I am honoured with this visit; my father, this morning, made me acquainted with your partiality in my favour; and, to be candid, from the little I have seen of you, I do not know a man in the world, was my heart disengaged, who should sooner command a place in my esteem: But, Sir, it is impossible for me ever to return your sentiments as you could wish; my affections have for a considerable time been engrossed by a gentleman whom I have been many years acquainted with; and I should think it an unpardonable injury to his tenderness, as well as to your worth, was I to keep this circumstance a moment from your knowledge, after you have indicated the smallest degree of a particular respect."

It is easy to guess Mr. Butler's astonishment during this speech; he blushed excessively, played with his ruffles, and gave no other interruption than a Madam or two: Miss Lambton seizing the opportunity which his silence afforded, thought it
best

best to disembofom herself entirely, and thus went on:

“ From the opinion which I entertain of your generosity, Mr. Butler, I flatter myself you will not use my father’s authority, to tear me from the only man I ever can be happy with; nor make any attempts to gain a hand, which, on account of my prior attachment, can never be worthy of yours. Let me conjure you, therefore, dear Sir, to decline your addreses, and through my whole life I shall be bound to wish you that felicity with some more deserving woman, which it is utterly impossible you should ever enjoy with me.”

I will not trespass upon the reader’s patience with an account of what further passed upon this occasion: suffice it, however, that Mr. Butler not only discontinued his addreses from that minute, but interested himself so effectually in favour of Miss Lambton, and her lover Mr. Seymour, that old Mr. Lambton gave his consent to their marriage, and Mr. Butler himself stood godfather to a fine boy about ten months after.

In the course of a few years, Mr. Seymour, by some lucky hits, accumulated a prodigious fortune and died, leaving the sum of thirty thousand pounds at the sole disposal of his lady; the rest he divided among his children. Mrs. Seymour, whose affection for her husband was uncommonly tender, did not long survive so great a loss; she fell into a languishing disorder that carried her off in about eighteen months, universally regreted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance: a little before her decease, however, she made a strict enquiry after Mr. Butler, of whom she had not heard a syllable

svllable for the space of seven years; she at last found out that he had retired to the South of France upon an annuity of one hundred pounds, his fine estate having been entirely destroyed, chiefly thro' the perfidy of his younger brother, for whom he had been bound in immense sums, and several ineffectual schemes to retrieve the shattered situation of his affairs.

The generous heart of Mrs. Seymour overflowed with pity at his distress; his exalted conduct in relation to her and Mr. Seymour, rushed at once upon her recollection, and in her will, which she ordered to be made without delay, she inserted this particular clause with her own hand: "I give and bequeath to the Hon. Charles Butler, the sum of ten thousand pounds, on account of his great generosity in withdrawing his addresses when I was unmarried, and using his good offices towards my union with my dear Mr. Seymour."

This legacy was paid immediately after Mrs. Seymour's decease, and the story was told me by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who received it himself from Mr. Butler.



A remarkable Instance of PATERNAL FOLLY—
FILIAL INGRATITUDE—ACCIDENTAL RE-
FORMATION—and GENERAL FELICITY.

A WORTHY old gentleman, who had by an inflexible industry acquired a large fortune, with great reputation, at length declining business, devoted

devoted his sole attention to the settlement of an only son, of whom he was uncommonly fond.—In a little time he married him to a woman of family, and judging of the son's affection by his own, made over every shilling he was worth to the young gentleman, desiring nothing more than to be a witness of his happiness in the same house, and depending upon his gratitude for any cursory trifle he might want for the private use of his purse.—The son had not been married however above six weeks, before he was under the sole dominion of his wife, and prevailed upon to treat the old gentleman with the most mortifying neglect.—If he wanted the carriage for an airing, why truly, "My lady has engaged it:" If he desired to mix in any little party of pleasure, "They were quite full:" He was suffered to sit whole evenings without being once spoken to; at table he was obliged to call three or four times for a glass of wine, or a bit of bread, and if he ever entered into a narrative of any transaction which occurred in his youth, his obliging daughter-in-law immediately broke in upon him, and politely introduced a conversation upon something else.—This unpardonable contempt was at last carried to such a degree, that his cough was complained of as troublesome, and under a pretence that his tobacco box was insupportable, he was requested to eat in his own room.

Four or five years passed on in this manner, which were rendered a little tolerable by the birth of a grandson, a most engaging boy, who, from the moment he was capable of distinguishing, seemed to be very fond of the old gentleman, and by an

almost

almost instinctive attachment, appeared as if providentially designed to atone for the unnatural ingratitude of it's father.—He was now turned of four, when one day some persons of fashion dining at the house, the old gentleman, who knew nothing of the company, came down into the back parlour to enquire for his little favourite, who had been two whole hours out of his apartment: he had no sooner opened the door, than his dutiful son, before a room full of people, asked him how he dare break in upon him without leave, and desired him to get instantly up about his business.—The old gentleman withdrew according to order, returned to his own room, and gave a very hearty freedom to his tears.

Little Tommy, who could not bear to hear his grand-papa chided at such a rate, followed him instantly, and observing how heartily he sobbed, came roaring down to the parlour, and before the whole company bawled out, “papa has made poor grand-papa break his heart; he will cry his eyes out above stairs.”—The son, who was really ashamed of his conduct, especially as he saw no sign of approbation in the faces of his friends, endeavoured to put an easy appearance on the affair, and brazen it out; turning round therefore to the child, he desired him to carry a blanket to grand-papa, and bid him go beg.—“Ay, but I will not give him all the blanket,” returned the child; —“why so my dear?” says the father;—“because (answered he) I shall want half for you, when I grow up to be a man, and turn you out of doors.”—The child's reproof stung the father to the soul, and held up at once both the

cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct in their proper dyes: nay, the wife seemed affected and wanted words: a good-natured tear dropped from more than one of the company, who seized this opportunity of condemning, in a very candid manner, their behaviour to so affectionate a father, and so bountiful a friend; and in short, made them so heartily ashamed of themselves, that the old gentleman was immediately sent for by both, who, in the presence of all, most humbly entreated his forgiveness for every thing past, and promised the business of their lives would be to oblige him for the future.—The poor old gentleman's joy threatened now to be much more fatal than his affliction a little before:—He looked upon his son and daughter for some time with a mute astonishment, mixed with a tenderness impossible to be described; and then fixing his eyes upon the company with a wildness of inconceivable rapture, snatched up his little Tommy to his bosom, who joined him in a hearty flood of tears.

There is nothing, in reality, where people are so very wrong, as the education of children, tho' there is nothing in which they ought to be more absolutely certain of being right: if we seriously reflect upon the customary method in which children are brought up, we must almost imagine, that the generality of parents inculcate principles of religion and virtue into their offspring, for the meer satisfaction of bringing both religion and virtue into contempt; and paint the precepts of morality in the most engaging colours, to shew, by their practice, how much these precepts are to be despised.

My

My friend Ned Hedstrong is a parent of this cast; he is continually preaching up a rectitude of conduct to a very sensible young fellow his son, and yet as continually destroying by his example what he labours to effect by his advice. Ned expatiates largely about patience under the dispensations of providence, and yet will fly into a passion of the most ungovernable nature, if a leg of mutton is boiled a minute too much.—I have heard him launch forth in the praise of fortitude, while he has not been able to overcome the chagrin occasioned by spilling a drop of port upon the tablecloth; and very frequently listened to a lecture against a profligate mention of the divine name, interspersed with a variety of horrid execrations.

The same preposterous inconsistency in the education of an only daughter is a distinguishing peculiar of Lady ———. Her Ladyship is no great gadabout, for she lies in bed all the day, and plays at cards all night; she cannot be accused of misbehaviour in church, for I do not suppose she has been once at a place of public worship these twenty years.—A tradesman can never call twice at her house for a bill, for there is not one who has the least acquaintance with her character that would trust her with a yard of ribbon or a row of pins.—Her reputation has never been suspected, for there is not a man in England who would think it worth his while to accept of the highest favour she should possibly grant; and as for her veracity, that can by no means admit of a debate, for it is a question with me if she spoke a syllable of truth since her arrival at maturity.—Yet notwithstanding all these negative perfections,

she is continually prescribing a contrary practice to her daughter, and perpetually condemning the young lady for the least imitation of what she every day does herself.

I shall conclude this paper with a bit of advice addressed to every order of my readers:—If a parent in reality would have his son a good man, let him teach by his practice as much as by his precept, and never, through a doating partiality, overlook those actions in a child which he would inevitably condemn in any body else. Finally, let all parents, from the introductory part of this paper, consider that it is no disgrace for a son to be dependant on a father's bounty, but that nothing can be more dangerous than for a father to be dependant on a son's.



STORY of ASEM the MAN-HATER.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature: on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements: and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection: but from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted

hausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved therefore to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain, an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom; reflecting, on its broad surface, the impending horrors of the mountain.

To

To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep bank, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful, he often cried, is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! how finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no ways comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious, ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator! Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude, should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair!"

Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into a lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son

" Son of Adam, cried the genius, stop thy rash purpose; the father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me, and be wise."

Assem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Assem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

" I plainly perceive your amazement, said the genius; but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequences of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world
more

more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

"A world without vice! rational beings without immorality! cried Afem, in a rapture; I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, extasy, and ease. O for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable."

"Cease thine acclamations, replied the genius. Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Afem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

"Here, cried Afem, I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation."

"Your

"Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable, said the genius, smiling. But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asen anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens! cried Asen, why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarce spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. "This, cried Asen to his guide, is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals, replied the genius, has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their

T t

harmless

harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed, cried Afem; you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals? replied the genius smiling: you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake, returned Afem; I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of men to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprized to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor perceiving his surprize, observed, That the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their antient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only encrease their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for shew. "At least, then, said Afem, they have neither architects, painters, or statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom! replied his instructor, how ridiculous! we have no wisdom

wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right, says Afem; but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse." "That, indeed, is true, replied the other; here is no established society; nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." "Well, then, said the sceptic, as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this? says the genius: flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question."

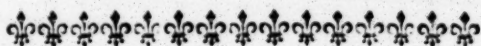
"Still, however, said Afem, the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken

when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asen immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange, cried the son of Adam, that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprized, said the wretch who was dying; would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary, cried Asen; and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence, yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asen, replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here." "Strange! cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; what sort of a world am I now introduced to? there is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance.

perance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that, to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only shewed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Assem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul.—He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came

came to him from every part of the city; nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.



ESSAY ON POPULAR GLORY.

AN alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face, and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught
me,

me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuam.*" "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular Glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say,
"how

“ how much joy might all this bawling give my
“ Lord-mayor.”

We have seen those virtues, which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor ; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues, are far superior to those, vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment ; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop : and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixosou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. “ Alas ! ” cries our traveller, “ to what purpose, then, has he fasted
to

to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a Prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen; no times so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see Generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we

were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring fishery.



IN PRAISE of FRUGALITY.

IT is reported of Plato, that seeing once a young spendthrift eating bread and water at the door of an Inn where he had squandered his estate, the philosopher could not help saying, "Young man, if you had dined moderately, you need not have supped so poorly."

There have been some idle enough to insinuate, That Frugality is too low and narrow a quality to deserve the attention of great minds. But reason evinces, and experience assures us, that the greatest men in all ages have been frugal; and indeed if there were nothing else to encourage the practice of this virtue, we might well recommend it from hence, that the habit thereof renders men just.

A spirit of frugality is the strongest and most efficacious remedy against corruption; a man who knows how to manage his fortune prudently, will be independent, though that fortune be but small; for having once acquired the art of governing himself

himself and his affairs, there will be no temptation strong enough to induce him to give up that liberty, which he thereby possesses. Andrew Marvel, one of the most disinterested patriots in the reign of Charles II. by managing a very narrow patrimony, kept himself above corruption: and there is a story of him, which, though it may seem to be but ordinary, deserves to be everlastingly remembered: He dined usually at a great Ordinary in the Strand, where having eat heartily of boiled beef, and some roast pigeons and asparagus, he drank his pint of Port; and on the coming in of the reckoning, taking a piece out of his pocket, and holding it between his thumb and finger, "Gentlemen, said he, who would let himself out for hire while he can have such a dinner for Half-a-Crown?"

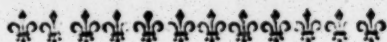
Frugality is the best engineer for throwing up those works which are intended to keep off misfortune. A small reserve is the best medicine in the world on the falling of unforeseen calamity: besides, the practice of this virtue enables a man to live upon a little, if in spite of all honest precautions, he should, through the strokes of fortune, have but little left.

He who by his prudent management has acquired a small bank, has it in his power to serve his friends, and to do great kindnesses to others with no inconvenience to himself, which is one of the highest and most rational pleasures a man can enjoy.

A frugal man hath at all times his faculties clear, and knows when and how to take Opportunity by the foretop. It is no shame to raise a great fortune

tune from a small one, provided it be done honestly; and that this may be done, if we consider how soon a large fortune may be reduced to nothing, will appear feasible; for if folly, extravagance, and carelessness induce this, why should not wisdom, frugality, and attention effect that?

I will conclude with a very true story, of Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his Highness (and, by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that Court), one day fairly put the question, and asked the Duke if he had the Philosopher's stone or not? My friend, said the Duke, I have; and because I have a great regard for you, I will give you the receipt in few words: "I never bid another do
" that which I can do myself; I never put off till
" to-morrow what may be done to-day; nor do I
" ever think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice." The Venetian thanked his Serene Highness for his secret; and by observing his rules, acquired a great estate. How happy would it be for the generality of mankind were they to follow his Highness's rules.



ODE in praise of the BRITISH NATION.

O GENEROUS nation! faithful to your friends,
 Just to fulfil the sacred vows you make;
 Whose righteous sword from tyranny defends,
 And bids the lawless wild oppressor shake:
 Europe to thee her common safety owes,
 And blest thyself, thou giv'st the world repose!

To thee the breach of treaties looks like base,
 A dangerous maxim to a freeborn state!
 Falshood still tarnishes bright glories face,
 Who love the treason---yet the traitor hate.
 In Liberty Britannia rises fair,
 And bids invasion brave her, if it dare!

Thou, sacred isle, amidst thy ambient main,
 Enjoy'st the sweets of freedom all thy own;
 Peace, heav'nly peace! adorns thy happy plain,
 And war but serves to heighten thy renown:
 Thames fees immortal laurels grace her brow,
 Long as the sun shall shine, or ocean flow.

But direful vengeance waits the faithless Pow'r,
 Who perjur'd breaks each holy social band;
 Who violates the faith which all adore,
 And draws down justice on a guilty land:
 'Tis she heaven's anger best deserves to feel,
 And bleed a victim to th' unsparing steel.

Can

Can cruel Tyranny compassion know?

Alas to her the infant cries in vain;
She smiles at every shape of human woe,
And fierce directs the sanguinary scene!
While lust and rapine wait her ruling nod,
And desolation ranges all abroad.

Near Superstition, her infernal child,
Prophanes the sacred temple of the mind!
And in her rigid fury blindly wild,
Would the subjected conscience vainly bind!
Eternal Pow'r! canst thou thy wrath abstain
From those, who impious, thus thy laws prophane?



EPIGRAM on the BRITISH LION.

OUR Lion once did roar, and look'd so grim,
That his own shadow durst not follow him;
But now he's so dejected and dismay'd,
He cannot face the shadow of his shade.



TO CHASTITY. From BUCHANAN.

FAIR Chastity! whose heav'nly fire
Ne'er kindles into soft desire;
Thou glory of th' etherial kind:
Thou sun-shine of the vestal mind;

Fit

Fit emblem of the golden age,
Ere vice had enter'd on the stage.

Fair Chastity! I sing thy praise,
Thou earnest of our happier days;
When rais'd once more from kindred clay
To mansions of eternal day,
The uncorrupted soul shall live,
In all the pleasures heav'n can give.
'Tis thou alone who dar'st defy
The dangers of the Cyprian eye,
The horrors of the gloomy grave,
And death, from which no art can save;
Since fate, to us the last decree,
Reserves a nobler life for thee.



VIRTUE the only BLISS below.

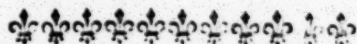
NO joys of sense like conscious goodness please,
More bright than glory, and more soft than
ease;

In prospect treacherous those enchant the eye,
Yet when approach'd, illusive fleet and die:
Sill others spring, still please, and cheat the same,
While hop'd for—mountains, when possess'd—a
name:

So charms a cloud with ev'ry colour gay,
When from afar it breaks the sev'n-fold ray;
But, if we reach it we discern no more
The flatt'ring colours so admir'd before.

'Tis

'Tis Virtue reigning in the gen'rous heart
 Alone can true substantial blifs impart;
 'Tis this strong-beaming, tho' our noon be past,
 Bids life's short day be splendid to the last;
 Charms pain and sickness in the faint and sage,
 And melts to joy the hoar of frozen age:
 In want, content (unenvy'd wealth) bestows,
 In sickness patience, and in pomp repose;
 All wonders rise at her invoking breath,
 A life of rapture from the womb of death.



O N F O R T U N E.

WHATE'ER we think on't, Fortune's but a toy,
 Which cheats the soul with empty shows of
 joy;

A meer ideal creature of the brain,
 That reigns the idol of the mad and vain;
 Deludes their senses with a fair disguise,
 And sets an airy blifs before their eyes.
 But when they hope to grasp the glitt'ring prey,
 Th' instable fantom vanishes away.

So vap'ry fires mislead unwary swains,
 Who rove benighted o'er the dewy plains.
 Drawn by the faithless meteor's glimm'ring ray,
 Thro' devious paths, and lonely wilds they stray;
 Too late convinc'd, their sad mistake deplore,
 And find their home more distant than before.

Could mortals learn to limit their desires,
 Little supplies what nature's want requires;

Content

Content affords an inexhausted store,
And void of that a Monarch's wealth is poor.

Grant but ten thousand pounds, Philaurus cries,
That happy sum would all my wants suffice.
Propitious pow'rs the golden blessing sent,
But with his wealth, his wishes too augment.
With anxious care he pines amidst his store,
And starves himself to get ten thousand more.
Ambition's charms Philotimus inspire,
A treat'ner's staff the pitch of his desire:
The staff he gains, yet murmurs at his fate,
And longs to shine first minister of state.

A coach-and-four employ'd Cosmelia's cares,
For which she hourly worried heav'n with pray'rs.
Did this when gain'd her restless temper fix?
No, she still prays.—For what?—A coach-and-six.

Thus when thro' Fortune's airy rounds we stray,
Our foot-steps rove from nature's certain way;
Thro' endless labyrinths of error run,
And by the fond delusions are undone;
Still vainly reaching at a transient bliss,
Pursue the shadow, and the substance miss:
'Till after all our wand'ring schemes we find
That true content dwells only in the mind.
Those joys on no external aid depend;
But in ourselves begin, and there must end.
From virtue only those delights must flow,
Which neither wealth nor titles can bestow.

A soul, which uncorrupted reason sways,
With calm indiff'rence Fortune's gifts surveys.
If Providence an affluent store denies,
Its own intrinsic worth that want supplies.
Disdains by vicious actions to acquire
That glitt'ring trifle vulgar minds admire.

With ease to heav'n's superior will resigns,
 Nor meanly at another's wealth repines.
 Firmly adheres to virtue's steady rules,
 And scorns the fickle deity of fools.



THE FATAL INQUISITOR.

A TALE.

THO' down the bed where Miro lay,
 He slept not to the dawn of day.
 And who cou'd hope a moment's rest,
 While thoughts like these perplex the breast?
 Knowledge conceal'd beyond the sky,
 Ah! what can dim-ey'd man descry?
 Life's good, or ill, 'till felt, unknown;
 To-morrow is to-morrow's own!
 My mortal hour the next may be—
 Or heav'n may hoary age decree.
 My moments pass, when past I know,
 If fraught with happiness, or woe.
 The tardy knowledge comes too late,
 And unprepar'd we meet our fate.
 Ah! why, if heav'n is wise and kind,
 Thus hood-wink'd man's immortal mind!
 Why prescience jealousy denied
 Of life alone, the guard and guide?
 Man born to woe, as sparks ascend,
 The means of bliss heav'n will not lend.

Here

Here slumber seal'd his weary'd eyes;
A dream ensu'd, to make him wise.
(But all her sons, like Eve, shall know
Knowledge that heav'n forbids, is woe!)
An Angel thus bespoke him, Friend!
I come at once thy doubts to end!
Full to thy view I'll make appear
The fate of thy ensuing year.
He ceas'd; and from the doubter's eyes
Fell scales—a scene began to rise—
One raving in a fever lay!
Shriek'd!—and expir'd—turn'd cold as clay!—
Another, worn to skin and bone,
Deep! and more deep! fetch'd many a groan!
And now, the shadow gasp'd for breath;
And now, was agoniz'd, in death!
Who's she that fever robb'd of life?—
The Angel answer'd, 'Twas your wife:—
The man consumption ended, who?—
Again the Angel answer'd, You.—
That dreadful word like thunder broke,—
The dreamer startled!—and awoke!—
What can this shocking dream portend!—
Two deaths before the year shall end!—
Mira's the first!—Nor her's alone!
As much is ascertain'd my own.
Your wife!—and you!—This tingling ear
Still rings, as were the Angel here!—
But what's a dream?—Nay some rehearse
It just denotes its own reverse——
Of mine shall I presume the same?—
Impossible! from heav'n it came!—
Came to correct this wrangling heart!
And what but truth can heav'n impart?—

Must I then die?—Is death so near?
 Good heav'n, accept this gulhing tear!
 To every crime thy grace extend!
 And let that death my sorrows end!
 But how to break it to my fair!
 For the dread secret she must share!
 Warn'd, she'll prepare herself to die!
 And shine a brighter saint on high!—

The dream was told!—How struck the dame;
 High bounds her pulse! Her blood's on flame!
 See her in bed! She pants!—She turns!—
 She raves!—How fell the fever burns!—
 She's gone! And when her heart-strings broke,
 Miro felt more than half the stroke!—
 By fore-thought of that dreadful day,
 How much was Miro worn away!
 But quite to lose so fond a wife
 It shrunk him to a shade of life:
 Ev'n hope, the waster's constant friend,
 That scarce deserts him at his end;
 Hope flies this piner's heart! nor dare
 That heart importune heav'n to spare:—
 But certain, that his instant doom's decreed,
 He meets grim death half-way, and dies indeed.

M O R A L.

Man at his peril thro' the future pries;
 What best were hid, heav'n hides from human eyes.
 Hence there are seasons to be purely gay;
 And ev'n misfortunes have their proper day.
 Hence hope, that helps life's heaviest loads to bear;
 Hence all the humble confidence of prayer.
 Hence resignation calms the pious breast,
 And all that heav'n permits, man construes best.

THE



THE MERCY OF AFFLICTION.

AN EASTERN STORY.

Conduct me, thou of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design!
Active, I follow on: for should my will
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely for many years in the silken pavilions of pleasure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladness, when his only son, Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy

choly birds of midnight, that flirt through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent, he cried, who thus wounds the soul, as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowrets in the garden of Hope; and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain.

"Look from hence, said the awful conductor; I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace; look from hence into the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren,
a sultry,

a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

“ Inhabitant of heaven, cried Bozaldab, suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.”

“ Peace, said the Angel, and observe.”

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the Captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket. No sooner had this pitiless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same hapless and lamentable condition in which they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

“ Will heaven permit such injustice to be practised,” exclaimed Bozaldab?—“ Look again, said the Angel, and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock:
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dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in the disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldst prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene."

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and with Ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a Princess fairer than a Houri.

"Gracious ALLAH!—it is my son, cried the Caliph, O let me hold him to my heart!" "Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision, replied the Angel; I am now shewing thee what would have been the destiny of thy son, had he continued longer

longer on the earth." "And why, returned Bozaldab, was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and power?" "Consider the sequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

"Happy," said Caloc, "is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is with-held, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has

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blest his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!"

"Cast away the dagger," replied the heavenly messenger, "which thou wast preparing to plunge into thine own heart. Exchange complaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, without giddiness and stupefaction, into the vast abyfs of Eternal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which thou commandest to be cut to receive the annual inundations of the Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that perfect happiness cannot be conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.



ACCOUNT of a CANVASS for a LECTURESHIP,
in a LETTER to a BISHOP.

YOUR Lordship, I believe, may remember the time when my poor uncle died, which obliged me to quit the university, and seek my fortune in town, where I had not been above three weeks before

before I strolled one Sunday afternoon into a church in the city, and after service heard the Clerk, by order of the vestry, declare the Lectureship of the parish vacant, and invite the clergy, however dignified or distinguished, to be candidates for it, and to give in their names by the ensuing Sunday. No sooner did I hear this Church-ferjeant thus beating up for recruits, than I immediately resolved to enlist; and accordingly the next day waited on the worshipful Stentor above-mentioned, who took down my name and place of abode: on my desiring him at the same time to acquaint me with the best method of proceeding, which I was an utter stranger to, he advised me as a friend, to apply as speedily as possible to Mr. —, a cheesemonger in — lane, who was then first church-warden, a leading man in the vestry, and a person, he assured me, on whom the election would in a great measure depend. I took honest Amen's advice, and by nine the next morning, not I must own without some reluctance, dressed myself as well as I could, and waited on Mr. Church-warden. As soon as he saw me enter the shop, in my canonicals (for I had hired an excellent new gown and cassock behind St. Clement's on the occasion), he made me a very low bow, gave me the title of Doctor, and imagining, no doubt, that I was come to bespeak cheeses for the country, begged to know my honour's commands; to which I replied in an humble tone, and looking extremely disconcerted, that I came to wait on him on account of the Lectureship of the parish, and begged the favour of his vote and interest, &c. Your Lordship, I am sure, would have smiled to

see the sudden alteration of his features and behaviour: he dropped all the tradesman's obsequiousness, and in a moment assumed the magisterial air and dignity of a church-warden; turned aside to a woman who was just then asking for a pound of Cheshire, and without addressing himself to me, cried out, "This is the fourth Parson I have had with me to-day on the same errand;" then, staring me full in the face; "Well, young man, says he, you intend to be a candidate for this same lecture: you are all to mount the rostrum, I suppose, and merit will carry it: for my part I promise nobody; but remember I tell you beforehand, I am for voice and action, so mind your hits."—When he had said this, he immediately turned upon his heel, and went into the counting-house. I took my leave in an awkward manner, as you may suppose, being not a little shagrin'd at his insolence; and as I went out of the shop, overheard his lady observing from behind the counter, that I was a pretty sprig of divinity, but looked a little sheepish, and had not half the courage of the gentleman that had been recommended to her husband by Mr. Squintum.

The instant I quitted the sign of the Cheshire-cheese, I laid aside all thoughts of further solicitation, and resolv'd to return to college, and live on making fellow-commoners exercises, rather than subject myself any more to such mortifying indignities. Good God! thought I to myself, is this the fruit of my studies, this the reward of all my toil and labour in the university? to have the important point, whether I shall eat or starve, at last determined

determined by a cheesemonger, who declares for voice and action!

In spite, notwithstanding, of this resolution (for resolutions, your Lordship knows, are much easier made than kept) I was obliged in less than six months, having during that time taken it into my head to fall in love and marry, to repair once more to the great city, and put into the ecclesiastical lottery; where by the bye, as in most other lotteries, you buy so dear, meet with so few prizes, and run so much hazard, that none but desperado's ought to venture in them: there, my Lord, I renewed my solicitations, and experienced all the miseries and misfortunes, all the insults and indignities, which the pride and insolence of the rich, both laity and clergy, inflict on their dependent brethren: the difficulties which I met with in search of a Lectureship, for that was my summum bonum, are inconceivable; and I can assure your Lordship, that, trifling as the emoluments are of this preferment, all the perfections of human nature united are scarce sufficient to a man, without personal interest, to insure his success. The variety of distresses which I encountered from the different tempers and dispositions of the gentlemen and ladies (for so I was obliged to call them) who had votes in the parish, the mean and abject flattery which I was forced to make use of, with the many frequent affronts and disappointments I underwent, would swell half a melancholy volume. Without enumerating the necessary accomplishments generally expected on these occasions, of drinking hard with the husbands, and saying soft things to their wives; in more parishes than one,
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my Lord, where I have been a candidate, to smoke your half dozen of pipes, and drink two bottles at a sitting, are infinitely more necessary perfections than any which you could bring with you from the university; and it is a maxim with many good citizens, that unless you are what they call a d—d honest fellow, you can never be a good preacher, or an orthodox divine; in short, my Lord, and to be serious, unless a poor clergyman is every thing that he ought not to be, he can never be what is every man's wish, independent.

[To this we shall add the author's thoughts on the manner in which Lectureships are paid.]

I know a little too much of the world, my Lord, to expect that a Parson should be paid like a first-rate player, a pimp, or a lord of the treasury, whose incomes I believe are pretty near equal; but at the same time cannot help thinking, that a labourer in the vineyard is as well worthy of his hire as a journeyman carpenter, mason, &c. and has as good a right to two pound two on a Sunday, as he has on a Saturday night; and yet not one in a hundred of us is paid in that proportion.

The Lecturer's box generally goes about, with the rest of the parish beggars, a little after Christmas; and every one throws in their charity (for it is always considered in that light) as they think proper. Were I to tell your Lordship how many paltry excuses are made to evade this little annual tribute by the mean and sordid, how very little is given even by the most generous, and to what an inconsiderable sum the whole generally amounts, the recital would not afford you much entertain-

ment,

ment, and for aught I know, might even give you some small concern.

You cannot imagine, my Lord, with what an envious eye we poor Lecturers have often looked over a waiter's book at a Coffee-house, where I have seen such a collection of guineas and half guineas as made my mouth water: to give less than a crown would be to the last degree ungentle, for the immense trouble of handing a dish of coffee, or a news-paper; whilst a poor divine, who has toiled in the ministry for a twelve-month and half, worn out a pair of excellent lungs in the unprofitable service, shall think himself well rewarded with the noble donation of Half-a-crown.

But to illustrate my subject, I will give your Lordship another story: there is nothing like painting from life on these occasions: suppose yourself then, my Lord, an eye-witness of the following scene, which passed not long since in a certain part of this metropolis.

Enter the church-warden and overseer into the shop of Mr. Prim the Mercer.—Well, Mr. Twist, what are your commands with me?—We are come to wait on your honour with the Lecturer's-book, Sir,—a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of the parish of St. ———, for the support of ———. Well, well, you need not read any further: what is it?—Whatever you please, Sir.—Aye, here's another load, another burden; dy'e think I am made of gold? there's the poors rates, the doctor's rate, the window rate, the devil's in the rates I think:—however, I can't refuse you; but I'll not give another year—here, Buckram,
reach

reach me half-a-crown out of the till—Your servant, Madam.—

[A lady comes out of a back-parlour, walks through the shop and gets into a chair.]

Aye, there's another tax—a guinea for two box tickets, as sure as the benefit comes round, for my wife and daughter, besides chair hire.

[Twist shakes his head.]

O master Prim! master Prim! had not you better now have given us a guinea for the Doctor and his four children, and reserved your half-crown for the lady, who, if I may judge from her garb and equipage, does not want it half so much as the poor Parson; but you will be in the fashion, so give us your mite; set down Mr. Prim two-and-sixpence.—Sir, good-morrow to you.—Gentlemen, your servant.—

Such, my Lord, you see, is the force of fashion, and such the influence of example, that a constant church-goer, and one perhaps who fancies himself a very good christian, shall throw away one-pound-one, with all the pleasure imaginable, for an evening's entertainment at the theatre, and at the same time grudge half-a-crown for two-and-fifty discourses from the pulpit, which, if he turns to his arithmetic book, he will see amounts to about—three farthings a sermon—and a sober citizen too, as Lady Townly says, fye! fye!

GRATITUDE



GRATITUDE a mark of TRUE MAGNANIMITY,
exemplified in the History of TOPAL OSMAN.

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the seraglio, being, in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, was sent with the Sultan's orders to the Bascha of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish Captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whither the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the title of Topal, or Cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port of Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the priva-

teer so soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me, and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman; who, turning to the Captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for the ransom. He answered, "one thousand sequins" (near five hundred pounds). Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you, and would you have me risk one thousand sequins on your bare word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander, upon this, went to make his report to the grand master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the Captain for six hundred sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands
of

of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case, things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace, and shewed him every other mark of generosity and friendship.—Accordingly Osman, so soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself five hundred crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the Sultan, his master, with the Basba of Cairo; and, setting out for Constantinople, was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud, in such circumstances, made an impression upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole course of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The Grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city

of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a Bascha of two tails. The next year he served as Lieutenant-general under the Grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In the year 1722, he was appointed Seraskier (General in Chief), and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the Consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of friendship and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud," said he, "that I am the fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly, Arnaud's son went into the Morea, and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a Bascha of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the greatest tenderness. Laying aside the Bascha and Governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself;

an honour but rarely bestowed by a Bascha of the first order, and hardly ever to a christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution which happened at Constantinople, anno 1730, the Grand Vizir Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive Vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French Ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement, and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in the present situation; adding, that the Grand Vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the grand officers of state, with the utmost marks of affection; then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks: "Behold," says he, "these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets

sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming in blood, and covered with wounds: this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, Allah Kerim (the providence of God is great). He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the kislar aga (chief of the black eunuchs). Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance, and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Some time before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who divested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears, in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest;

rest; adding, that a Basba was lord and master in his own province, but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they had looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.



A VISIT to a FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here, I found a house full of children, who are humoured beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected
me

me to many inconveniencies; and as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my periwig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he has reached his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish; because the mother has discovered, that her children have not strong stomachs. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel-walk, where I could wish to enjoy my own thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, and play at what they call running after the gentleman. My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby-horse. The main-spring of my repeating-watch has been broke in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The mother's attention to the children entirely destroys all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evening, we attempted to begin reading Tom Jones, but were interrupted, in the second page, by little Sammy, who is suffered to
whip

whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with head-achs; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish, because she was once sickly. I am teased with familiarities, which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of man, but that I cannot talk to children. Nor am I the only person who suffers from this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, and much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little Sukey always cries when she sees him, and has told her mamma, she can't bear that ugly Parson.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding; or rather, her whole existence is spent in a series of great-bellies, lyings-in, visitings, churchings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grand-mother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts, that no family has ever sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses With a fine breast of milk. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone,

and totally filled with forward pease and melon glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and conscious of the dignity and importance of being often big, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds: his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed, that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere Mrs. Qualm as the mother, and only wish I could recommend her as the manager of children. I hope this letter may fall into her hands, to convince her how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in her own children as herself. I would teach her, that, what I complain of as matter of inconvenience, may, one day, prove to her a severe trial; and that early licentiousness will, at last, mock that parental affection, from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.



RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

METHOUGHT I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards

towards me. She was drest in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror. In the midst of this tremendous scene my execrable guide addressed me in the following manner:

“ Retire with me, O rash unthinking mortal, from the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn that pleasure was not designed the portion of human life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; this is the condition of all below the stars, and whoever endeavours to oppose it acts in contradiction to the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal enchantments of youth and social delight, and here consecrate thy solitary hours to lamentation and woe. Misery is the duty of all sublunary beings, and every enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be worshipped only by the mortification

tification of every sense of pleasure, and the everlasting exercise of sighs and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite sunk my spirits, and seemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myself beneath a blasted yeugh, where the winds blew cold and dismal round my head, and dreadful apprehensions chilled my heart. Here I resolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, should put an end to the miseries of a life so deplorably wretched. In this sad situation I spied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whose heavy waves rolled on in slow sullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was just upon the brink, when I found myself suddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was surprized by the sight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The most engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories sparkled in her eyes, and their awful splendors were softened by the gentlest looks of compassion and peace. At her approach, the frightful spectre, who had before tormented me, vanished away, and with her all the horrors she had caused. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful sun-shine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite transported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleasure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine instructions:

" My name is Religion, I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence,
Hope,

Hope, and Joy. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called Superstition, she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

“ Look round and survey the various beauties of this globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest rank of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights.”

‘ What, cried I, is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?’

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"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses, must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improved heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal,

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at the thought of that gulph into which thou wast but now going to plunge.

“ While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to out-grow them, shall be assisted, accepted and rewarded. To such a one the lowliest self-abasement is but a deep laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to the aspirings of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the Universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependance on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure

pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low compared with his immortal prospects and noble capacities; but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

“ Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to fullen retirement. These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay to the author of your being is by such a chearful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations.”

Here my preceptress paused, and I was going to express my acknowledgment for her discourse, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-risen sun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

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